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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

MARCH, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 3



Is John Lindsay finished as mayor of New York?

SAY IT RUGGED and wearisome: 10-week strike of teachers came to an end one day last November and a million youngsters trooped back into their classrooms. Harold Forest, human-rights chairman of the Brooklyn Bar Association, gazed out the window of his law office near City Hall and said seriously, "Lindsay is dead."

To anyone outside New York City, that might sound like an incredible verdict. It doesn't seem like long since Mayor John V. Lindsay was putting the big lie to the notion of a Republican John F. Kennedy, and he seemed like the man of his party's strongest candidates for the 1965 presidential nomination—stronger than, say, that basement named Richard M. Nixon. But after three years in office, Lindsay now faces the largest bloc of hostile voters he has ever encountered.

If you make full use of the 20-30 hindsight with which political reporters, barflies and other sages are inevitably blessed, you can make the case that the story of the Lindsay administration has just been one bad tactical blunder after another.

On the very day he took office, Lindsay set the tone for all the relations he'd had since with unorganized labor — by clashing with the late Mike Quill, boss of the Transport Workers' Union. Result: instant subway strike. Ever since, says political

analyst Stanley Annenakis, "the burgeoning style of the mayor has been embittered and suffocated."

Arenenakis might also have said "politically disastrous." In a continuing over-wheel-board devaluationism, Lindsay tried to carry Negro favor by sailing with a Negro school board. But all he managed to do was alienate the predominantly Jewish Federation of Teachers (who were in dispute with the board) and the labor movement at large. In the settlement that followed, the Negro side was accommodated — and got a great little raise.

Besides teachers and subway workers, Lindsay has had to face strikes or strike threats from oil dealers, policemen, firemen and garbage men. (It's a year since the garbage strike, but health authorities still shudder over it.) They're convinced that if the hump of rekindled refuse had piled up for just two more days, the city would have faced an epidemic of the plague.)

After each labor dispute, Lindsay has managed to regain some lost ground, but not all, and as the mists of his foes and critics have settled, To some, it was an admission of inadequacy, several weeks ago, when Lindsay called in Arthur Goldberg, the former United Nations representative, to handle his side of the negotiations with garmenters, bakers and policemen. In this writing, Goldberg had emerged two of the three deepest, and the third, with police, was moving toward solution.

While Lindsay has unquestionably made gains among Negro voters (Jack Newfield, author of *A Prophectic Vision*, calls him "the only white mayor in America to have the grudging trust of the black underclass") he is unpopularly with other minorities as well, especially dismasted. When he appeared at the East Midwood Jewish Center in Brooklyn, Lindsay was booted off the stage. Several rabbis have denounced him from their pulpits.

"We understand the mayor's problems," said one rabbi. "He wants to calm the Negroes and get a national recognition of doing well — at the expense of other groups."

Such resentment takes many forms.

Bumper stickers and lapel pins denouncing IMPRACH LINDSAY are becoming numerous. One member of the city's Board of Estimates has called for Lindsay's removal. And at a demonstration around City Hall Park, amid cheering of "Lindsay must go!" veterans' newsmen announced the cash at \$40,000 — the largest crowd of its kind they had ever seen.

Where is it all leading? Most likely to the polling booth next fall. With a seemingly election due then, Lindsay has got enough Republican backing — and good will among members of his party — to drag in the running hell vote, to rely heavily on the Negro vote, to compensate for his loss of support among such significant minorities as the Jews.

"I do what is right, and I'll continue to," Lindsay said recently. "I think the people will support that."

Among the doctors, Stanley Annenakis says, "By adopting the attitude that he is 'mayor of all the people,' Lindsay has finally reached the point where he is mayor of none."

"In many respects New York is without a mayor." STEVE PARCELLER

How Trudeau's young supporters are making a play for power

PRIVATE MINISTER, Trudeau's repeated invasions during and since last spring's divisive campaign for young people to get involved in politics may never be turned into a fine bouc, with the tide of expatriates still indifferent but excited with a good deal of apprehension. Recent months have seen more after more by official Young Liberals to get where the action is — within the senior party.

Two notable instances took place in late January and early February in Toronto and Montreal. In Toronto, the young group simply used their

Calvert Grand Prix: tells it to you straight.

veterans and stragglers, waiting until older members of the Toronto and District Liberal Association had succumbed to the growing tangle of a five-hour meeting and gone home. Then the Young Liberals moved through at least half a dozen meetings at various universities. It was all perfectly legal, and despite efforts by the chances to turn it aside, it went through.

The Quebec situation is slightly different, because the federal and provincial Liberal parties operate separately, even though there's a lot of overlapping in membership. And on the federal level, the official Young Liberal Association is much weaker than it is in other provinces. Nevertheless, the younger group turned up in force, and did its best to get its views out on the record but written only to the party constitution and policy.

Ontario and Quebec were a little like the youth group in St. John's. The youth group in St. John's has already succeeded in convincing some party heads normally regarded as conservative to switch to the new party. Albert May, and also Saskatchewan's British Columbia, perhaps as usual, is a toss-up. The most remarkable is the size of the immigration section of the young group who do their best to come from New Brunswick. But whatever happens, look out for a new Liberal party that just could be dominated by young people, and impressively young people! That's what change, and they want it fast.

NORMAN BEEFEE

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"We'll be glad to have you help us pick the Justice show, Mr. Peterson, but perhaps a more discreetly worded sign..."

strength for his more radical moves. What they are really disenchanted with are their elders in the party, and the whole idea of liberal association by senior citizens.

What's likely to come out of it? The Young Liberal clubs to such ends disappear completely, with the young people becoming disillusioned members of the same party, both at constituency and national levels — where they could outnumber their elders. Some MPs are privately damaged. They are among the few who have depended on a small, tightly knit local group of elders who make up their riding association. Recriminations, funds and other support were usually互相的. But if a group of younger people move in, setting themselves might find their power in question; their funds reduced and reputation not necessarily guaranteed.

The situation varies around the country. Manitoba has already accepted the idea of complete integration of the young group into the senior party. Alberta may, and also Saskatchewan's British Columbia, perhaps as usual, is a toss-up. The most remarkable is the size of the immigration section of the young group who do their best to come from New Brunswick. But whatever happens, look out for a new Liberal party that just could be dominated by young people, and impressively young people! That's what change, and they want it fast.

A "Yellow Sub" crewman who's beginning to surface at last

ARE A FILM SLUFF what's really new in cinema this season and he'll probably say *The Yellow Submarine*. Like *Poole and Oyle* a couple of years back, the Beatles' cartoon feature was greeted by critical coolness, when first shown but later came to be recognized as a masterpiece. Now, however, it is not a tribute to the Beatles, who had little to do with the production, ready fans explore the subject matter. It's because *Submarine* proves that film animators have graduated out of its safe *Snow White* childhood and come of age artistically.

A surprising number of the new generation of animators are Canadians — perhaps as indication that the long, lonely labours of Norman McLaren at the National Film Board are at last bearing fruit. One of McLaren's many disciples is Gerry Potterton, a 27-year-old ex-Londoner based in Montreal. Potterton was considered one of the best animators the NFB ever turned

out when he quit the Board last year. Now established with his own production company, his live-action and cartoon films are winning him a considerable international reputation. He was, for example, a contributor to the slate sets of artists on both sides of the Atlantic who launched *The Yellow Submarine*.

So for Potterton has not been a success for the Canadian public to compare with. But remember those brief, witty TV productions for Centennial projects? In one a bug-eyed little man declared gleefully, "I'm going to parse the Kodak strawberry"; in another, would set a whole symphony orchestra perched ridiculous play a sonata. These were Potterton's work and it led to much bigger things. This year he is touring the country in a school bus to create a six-minute, live-action *Passionless* film (reported cost: \$100,000) for the Canadian government pavilion at Japan's Expo 70.

A more representative example of the Potterton touch will be seen in his heart-warming TV profile of payphone Marco Winter the NFB network in the U.S. will broadcast this spring. Potterton's technique is to use a single shot, just as he used to illustrate his drawings, notwithstanding when suddenly genre-like, such figures miraculously appear here. It is none other than Johnny Bower, the kindly, lovable goaliekeeper for the Maple Leafs. But something is horribly out of kilter: Bower's face is stretched into uncharacteristic masses of fear, temper and/or breathing fire.

"It's hot!" John Bower sputters at poor tormented Claude. "You're rotten, Dukkenfield! You stink! You couldn't add up a column of numbers to save your miserable life! Boo, Dukkenfield! Boo, Bressack!"

Then my fantasy takes a surreal turn. Behind Bower looms more familiar faces — Johnny Unitas, Ted Williams, Alouette Stanley, Ted Chameau and another distant relative.

"Eeeeeeooowf!" they chant. "Eeeeeeooowf!"

What my fantasy is all about, of course, is revenge. The athletes concerned are getting their own back. For all of them there's something in every move, apart from superior skills in their sports — all have at one time or another been subjected to the taunherous jeers of their own hometown supporters, of guys like old Claude Dukkenfield. Bower, the hero of four Toronto Stanley Cup losses, became the most violent victim of the home-boo syndrome earlier this season as Maple Leaf Guards when Leaf fans round on him during one of his less polished games and knock the

Gandans with their sticks.

What was behind this piece of treason? What was it in sports fans that turns them and sends willing to Lynch one of their own good guys?

Bower himself accepts the sub rosa tradition of philosophy. "They paid their five dollars or whatever it costs to get in nowadays," he said the other day, "and they have the privilege."

More learned, if less involved, authorities seem equally unmoved about the fans' motives. "There's nothing to compare it with," Fred J. R. Bowes, an anthropologist at the University of Toronto, allows. "There's nothing in any primitive society I've studied to prevent such the forming on a play group within the tribe."

The dozen of psychiatrists around Toronto range from "Well, pisses on, of course, a substitute for more deadly kinds of aggression" to "The boozing dances from a sense of betrayal — the audience has deserted a lot of their hopes in the athlete and when he lets them down, they're enraged."

But all psychiatrists seem to agree with Bower's logic in his own terms on the movie. Based on my close observation of the phenomenon, based indeed on my feelings the night a few years ago when I sat up in their writh of the Gandans and heard at that sick left-wing Eddie Stark (who played that for the Leafs, not, as now, for Bower), boozed him and my lungs nearly collapsed, I offer the thesis that home-town jiving is based on nothing less than self-hatred. What the fans are doing is simply, a part of themselves that they don't like and that they have chosen to release on the heads of the poor athlete.

For myself, the shameful Eddie Stark incident was preceded by a sharp light with my friend a day before, when I dreamt which I still consider a dream of important matters. That night, Eddie paid for my goals. I offer more supporting evidence: when two Baltimore football fans approached to Johnny Unitas, the Colt's superb quarterback, for hazing him in effigy a few months ago, they said, "We're sorry, Johnny, we were just feeling low with ourselves that day."

Unitas accepted that explanation graciously enough, but what he should have done was drop around to the two further places of business and let them have a taste of their own criticism. It might have helped. After all, look at the way the jiving shakes up Claude Dukkenfield in my recurring fantasy. I think he's even canceled his season ticket at the Gardens.

JACK BATTEN



And a great fat BOO right back at you, Dukkenfield!

I await this recurring fantasy. It occurs around a fellow I'll call Claude Dukkenfield, a prosperous businessman with all sorts of impeccable credentials including a season ticket in the blues of Maple Leaf Gardens for Toronto's horse racing games. In my fantasy, Dukkenfield is tormented in his cellophane suit at the office, helpless, struggling, shouting, retorting, when suddenly genre-like, such figures miraculously appear here. It is none other than Johnny Bower, the kindly, lovable goaliekeeper for the Maple Leafs. But something is horribly out of kilter: Bower's face is stretched into uncharacteristic masses of fear, temper and/or breathing fire.

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You, too, could use a little Flower Power on yourself

"I WANT YOU to buy a flower every month," said a pushy person at a white ribbon booth at a bus stop. "It's a bus with a seat and mind to its benefit. When the panel arrives read the note — 'Flowers are medicine' — put the flower in your hair or your lapel, stand in front of a mirror and say to yourself, 'I deserve this flower!'"

The 200-odd recipients of this improbable advice, gathered at the Roof Garden at Toronto's Royal York Hotel, were astounded, even right. For the speaker was no scheming hag but Dr. Maxwell Maltz, a plastic surgeon-turned-guru and the author of a book called Psycho-Cybernetics that has sold more than 3,000,000 copies in English (plus 1,000,000 in translations) since its publication in 1960. Dr. Maltz came to Toronto in January to launch Canada's first Psycho-Cybernetics Workshop, which offers \$120, 12-week group lessons in the Maltzian theory of self-treatment.

Psycho-cybernetics, like massaged dental molars and polyamylated corn oil of desperation, the term has a nice, wifey ring — and has largely succeeded the other two as a tactic to be trotted out at cocktail parties. Derived from the Greek word for stimulus, cybernetics was basically a computer science until Dr. Maltz coaxed "psycho-cybernetics" to express a sort of patented brand of happiness. Salesmen, housewives, businessmen and a respectable sprinkling of professionals have looked to it for confidence and self-esteem. Athletes, especially, have profited from its simple dicta:

"It shows you how to emphasize your good points and stop fretting about your weaknesses," said Terence Arganess, Jim Dilland Inc. November, giving psycho-cybernetics one of the

score for his suddenly revitalized game. Businessmen in Canada also include Terry Etchison, Calgary Stampede's eagle-paw receiver, and Montreal Canadiens' lightweight Bobby Rousseau. The book has swept the U.S. sports scene. To hear Great Bay Packers' Bart Starr tell it, battles on the playing field are won in the pages of Maxwell Maltz. The doctor's name is not, however, composed entirely of superlatives. Tom Truscott of the New York Yankees — then butting a pony (31) — reinforced his atheism last summer, pressuring observers to ponder whether Truscott could be as much as a pop-up idol without Maltz.

The director of the Toronto workshop (Dr. Maltz dresses downes more throughout Canada) is a soft-spoken man of New Brunswick named G. Ralph Albert who has given up his assignments as a management consultant to the film industry in order to pursue what he practices. An agreeable cook at the age of 11, a baker at 20, Albert read books on psychology and hypnosis and overcame a speech impediment with what he calls "mental rehearsal." The method of preparing oneself for selected situations was later advanced by Maltz. "I have 20 years of experience in a five-year-old science," says Albert, who has been exploring his own events in "Mind Power for Personal Progress."

Maxwell Maltz himself is equally versatile. A New Yorker who has been tinseling roses and lifting hairs for more than 40 years, he has written 11 books and a Broadway play called *The Lady Said Yes*. ("The critics said no," he says.) His latest stage effort, *The Raucous Labour Room*, will be produced in London this year.

The idea contained in *Psycho-Cybernetics* is so straightforward that it almost seems condescending but has undoubtedly contributed to its success. Dr. Maltz is fond of clichés — "turn the word 'lift' into 'shift'; " "scratching the teeth of the sand"; — but offers no excuses. (When Ralph Albert suggested that he had helped a periodic schizophrenic, Dr. Maltz promptly replied, "I don't believe it.") The book borrows liberally from Russell's *The Caga-* *gant of Happiness*, among others.

Nine out of 10 gurus polled at the Royal York reception for Dr. Maltz and that, as they would not be sending flowers to themselves. The tenth, a middle-aged insurance salesman cut for a big year, had planned to do it the very next day. "But don't use my name," he added. "I haven't got all that much self-esteem."

JOHN TAYLOR

EDITORIAL

GUARANTEED INCOME? LET'S THINK TWICE

THE OTHER Come-and-go-it Day is still some way off, apparently, even though the Canadian Welfare Council has proclaimed that a guaranteed annual income is a "matter of right" for Canadians.

In its report, Social Policies for Canada, the Council makes a yearning glance at this beautifully ample idea, the negative income tax, whereby any family head who reported an income below, say, \$3,000 would have the shortfall made up from the public treasury.

The Council hasn't figured out yet how to set income standards that would be fair for both a family in Joe's Bar, Arm, Nfld., and a family in Toronto or Vancouver.

We hope it doesn't hurry, as we have a question or two of our own about this much-hailed "norm."

The first question arises from the ancient notion that rights carry corresponding responsibilities. Under a universal guaranteed income, what social duty would be expected of able-bodied recipients except that they avoid loafing and idleness?

Whether the maximum family income were set modestly at \$3,000 or generously at \$4,000, those earning a little above it would have a legitimate gripe. They would be working all year for perhaps \$100 more — or at best a few hundred dollars more, than others could get for no work at all. This might prompt a mass shift in the ranks of the officially unemployed.

The Council makes more sense, we think, when it urges revision of the present social-security system: bigger family allowances which would be more than taxed back from higher-income families; pensions fully granted to the cost of living; unemployment insurance with contributions from and benefits to the entire labor force; increased pay for sickness, disability, and child-birth.

Our reasoning isn't that the Welfare Council considers these measures to be foremost among proposed reforms, with the negative income tax only a possible alternative. We would much prefer to see the other measures implemented instead, for they are broader proposals, related every step of the way to the major causes of people's need.

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MACLEAN'S

СИМВОЛЫ ПОДДЕРЖКИ МАГАЗИН

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PAULINE



Who's being hired to teach in our universities? Foreigners, mostly. We used to be short of qualified Canadians. Now we're turning out many more of them; but we don't give them jobs.

There is no doubt that as Canadians we have benefited greatly, in material terms, from the influx of non-Canadians onto our university staffs in the 1960s. We have got them "there," so to speak, not having had to spend a cent on their preparation and training. A ridiculous step for us.

We have helped them in other ways, too. The non-Canadians we have been able to attract have frequently been first-class scholars in their fields. They have brought with them knowledge, skills and methods that have enriched and enriched our own. Furthermore, they have come from all over the world, adding a cosmopolitan flavor to almost every campus in the country.

In recent years, though, the emphasis seems to have shifted to new numbers of non-Canadians. Our universities have reached the point where close to three-quarters of their new recruits each year are non-Canadians! (The proportion has gone up from approximately 45 percent in 1961-62 to 76 percent in 1965-66, with the figures for 1967-68 not yet available but probably even higher.) Furthermore, increasing numbers each year are drawn not from many lands but from just one—the United States.

The explanation usually given for this ever-increasing reliance on outsiders, particularly on Americans, is that the supply of qualified Canadians simply hasn't kept pace with the demand. The supply of qualified Americans, on the other hand—or, at any rate, that part of the country's supply that is available to us—has increased rapidly. The comment is usually added that it is when more Canadians have gone through graduate school, the balance will be rubbed.

It isn't true, however, that we have generally accepted this explanation. In fact, I have frequently argued against the short-sightedness of our governments in not providing adequate financial assistance to universities and students for graduate work in failing to give sufficient encouragement to the development of our own university teachers.

Recently, however, two professors of English literature at Carleton University, James Steele and R. D. M. Matthews, have taken the pains to assemble a few statistics on the subject—something no one had thought of doing before. These statistics show that though the supply of qualified Canadians has not grown as rapidly as it would have with another governmental assistance, it has nevertheless grown substantially in recent years. Indeed, it has grown much more than the use that has been made of it by Canadian universities.

Between 1965-66 and 1967-68, Steele and Matthews estimate, the number of Canadians taking higher degrees (MAs and PhDs), in Canada and abroad, rose from 9,785 to 14,153—a sizable increase in the pool of Canadian talent. Between the same two periods the additional faculty taken on by Canadian universities rose from 3,040 to 4,716. That was a larger increase, proportionately, than the increase in the pool of Canadian talents: growth, in other words, was—not markedly, but one might say—exponential. One might expect that at least in the last year (1966-67) a fair number of this additional faculty would have been Canadian.

Yet that was so far from being the case as to be ludicrous. The increase in the number of Canadians taken on by our universities in 1965-67 was exactly 36. The figures show 12,384 Canadians recruited in 1965-65, 13,220 in 1965-67—a growth rate of three percent. The non-Canadian recruited, on the other hand, went up from 1,756

in 1965-65 to 3,296 in 1965-67—a growth rate of 93 percent.

Of course, not all Canadians taking higher degrees (MAs particularly), in the two periods, were potential university teachers. Nor were the potential university teachers among them always as well distributed in the various disciplines as the university situation demanded. When all allowances have been made, however, the fact remains that the supply of qualified Canadians has increased substantially in recent years and that our universities have taken practically no advantage of it.

It might be argued that our universities haven't known about this Canadian potential (much of it being supplied by other institutions and by universities elsewhere). Certainly they have had no system for keeping themselves informed of the activities and aspirations of Canadian graduate students or faculty, either at home or abroad. Neither have they had any techniques for acquainting with Canadians with university openings—by advertising regularly in a Canadian newspaper or journal, for example. They have relied almost exclusively on the word-of-mouth approach which, in an age of rapid university expansion, has been predictably useless.

Sadly, though, it is essential for our universities to find out about the potential and to do so differently. They have other responsibilities in finding about the British or, even more so, the American potential. On the contrary, through advertising, recruiting expeditions, attending academic "festivals" and other means, they have kept themselves caste and informed about qualified non-Canadians.

Why, then, have they kept themselves so ill-informed about Canadians? Can it be that they simply haven't wanted to recruit them? There has always been a tendency in Canadian life toward a kind of residential colonialism, a reluctance to use one's own talents if other talents are available. For a long while our universities looked to the States. Only in much more recent times since the American market is so much too large, so other, so open and so advanced?

In truth, have our universities taken full advantage of Canadian talent because they have been inclined to Canadians? Because they have had a decided preference for others? Chilling, if that is what it means that the number of Canadians doing graduate work at home and abroad, in the future, may well be irrelevant. They simply won't be hired. Not by Canadian universities anyway. □



Jean Riou breaks bread

Not only does he break bread, but cuts up chocolate bars, rips open food packages and performs a host of other tasks in his job as Food and Drug Officer with the Department of National Health and Welfare. Jean spends half of his time outside the office lab, touring plants manufacturing edibles to ensure standards and quality are maintained for consumer safety.

Jean Riou is part of the new breed of people in public service—young, college educated, ambitious, and dedicated. In Government service he has found a rewarding and responsible future in the mainstream of Canadian development. The Public Service has career opportunities for men and women like Jean. If you'd like to know about them, write to:



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CLARENCE CAMPBELL

When you first ate him, Clarence Campbell, 61, President of the National Hockey League, was a tall, thin, dark man with a San Francisco accent on a wet afternoon. People who think too much of him consider him immature. Others see him as something unique — more man than boy (or girl). Power of Government, the handful of men he has gathered around him in hockey takes the very nice-looking older and dead in conceivable directions.

When Campbell talks, it is with the enthusiasm of a man who has the perimeter on his board plot or roulette. He says his hair and his face are different shades of grey. Yet Clarence, like his son, and Campbell has been a red and grey in the office of the president. The winning point in the Campbell game, as they say, comes in Montreal on St. Patrick's night in 1953. The day before, he had personally suspended Lester B. Pearson from the NHL for remarks about the players. The next night, when he convened at the Forum, Campbell ignited a new on-going Canadian love-hate relationship. Campbell is his best. Campbell said the full force of one voice seems eight on his chest. For the number, Andre Robitaille, who got through a speech of his own packed throughout the sparse forced room, his nervous eddies to concentrate the character of the man he had always had but rarely demonstrated: tough, cool, stoic, fierce, decisive. A classic scholar, determined.

Even then, good things were happening: a player's pension that gives a man at \$21,000 a year for every year he played in the NHL. But other things have made people like Vancouver left out of expansion. The NHL, "left out" in U.S. politics, is right out. It was the same when Campbell was named to the job. Then again, the Maclean's news folks themselves recently ate across the table from Clarence Campbell, the same table after every contest of every NHL player union.

Maclean's Alan Engelson, who organized the Players Association, has charged that NHL clubs discourage young players from completing their education. NHL and the clubs are obligated to "break their legs and the clavicles" to get them off the ice and into money-making areas outside sports management. How close is Engelson to the truth?

Campbell: Well, we've never taken that position at all. We fully assume that the clubs against a player's getting into one of the schools in the NHL, so I have always urged players to provide the best education for their kids, so they have something to fall back on.



**"Fighting on the ice
is a safety valve. Stop
it and players would
not develop more subtle
terms of viciousness"**

Maclean's: Has the NHL ever tried to help with scholarships or money?

Campbell: We've tried for years and years to find some way, but there are just too many problems. One of the main ones concerns with the hockey season, as it is very difficult for the student to be good at both in the same time. Also there has been very little interest in hockey on the part of the university students. Until the national team was developed, there was no real interest in the game. Now, however, the players are more interested in the game.

Frost: Is the only university to have able athletes?

Maclean's: What about the hockey scholarship at the U.S.A.?

Campbell: Over the past 10 years, between 300 and 400 students have been given scholarships to play college hockey, left on their scholarship. Naturally, this was a great talent drain, but we didn't fully realize it until suddenly became clear that we weren't getting any of these players back. It wasn't that they didn't want to return or didn't have enough interest in the game, but they were so determined to be the professionals they simply couldn't make it in the NHL.

Maclean's: Because of the low orbits of the coaches of the coaching staff of Campbell? You let them play different roles. For instance, they have no red line, so you can pass the puck from anywhere up to the attacking blue line. And then, of course, takes away the necessity of having a good chance to leave the puck and go in to the hole shooting by the attacking zone beyond the center of the rink, so they don't know how to forecheck at we know it.

Maclean's: How much skill has actually made it back in the NHL?

Campbell: I think I could name them all off the top of my head: Gordie Howe, Ted Green, George Armstrong, and the like. Gordie Howe — they're the ones who came to mind.

Maclean's: Can you see the day when Canadian university hockey improves enough to be a good training ground for the NHL teams?

Campbell: With minor exceptions, it hasn't been of high caliber in the past, and I don't see much difference at the amateur level of the Canadian colleges now.

Generally, the amateur team plays much higher quality hockey than the amateur leagues down here.

Maclean's: How the NHL considered giving money to support the national team?

Campbell: Well, the problem is that the national team means Canadian, so there is no sense of obligation as the part of the 18 United States in the NHL. However, the responsibility belongs to the federal government fully mainly to Toronto and Montreal as well as on the players themselves who might be interested. The last time Canada won the world championship was in 1961. The last time we won the Olympic was in 1972. Since then, Canada has discontinued the compensation he approved. And it's likely the compensation will continue to increase. Now, look at the other side of the coin: expansion in the NHL has made more jobs and more money available in the amateur hockey system. Merely this is a tremendous endorsement to play in the NHL with the result that the prospect of农民 winding up playing in the universities is definitely not good.

Maclean's: It all seems to wind up at the bottom line. So why the NHL is often thought of as being too mercenary for dominance?

Campbell: Let's put it that way — it's the "Establishment," that is what you stand at. And I don't think the letter is likely to change. The more successful the league, the more it is subject to the court of opinion.

Maclean's: How much of it is the NHL's own fault?

continued on page 72

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MAILBAG

Hey, look us over / Pot seems smoky, but not the "best" / Who is Trudeau? / The Glenn Miller band

Thank you for the news item MacLean's At last I can read in bed without the damn thing flipping in my face. Sincerely yours, CARPENTER RIVER, BC

• An excellent format, a refreshing "soft" approach. MacLean's has the means to bridge the generation gap while retaining localism.
S. W. WALKER, L., MONTREAL

• The cover picture of Prime Minister Trudeau made me forgive Canwest and common have been their place — but not on the front cover of "Canada's National Magazine".
MARGARET HODGSON, BRAMBLELAND, BC

• Your publication now is easier to read in bed and store. Most important, the good stuff between the covers is still there! — G. SHEPPARD, TORONTO

• Simply disgusting. Our wonder how many persons could claim a closer link of such a close association in Mr. Trudeau's case and have any other could agree with an obviously fake story.
GEORGE E. JARRETT, FREDERICTON, NB

• It's the question: No more noisy pages because of excess droppings from the bush wasps? I am sure that the noise of the noisy insects on my ledges and walls I used to hear on my pages while reading it bed. — PETER MCNAUL, MARTINS, ONT

A

I do not like the new format. There is less of it than there used to be.

HOMER G. TELETHIA, WINNIPEG

• Your presidential publication is becoming more so "Toronto" in your theme and/or your typical example of average Canadian. Stop trying to flatten Toronto's ego. You are developing a Toronto identity at the expense of Canada — P. HOWARD OTTER

• I used to hardly stir to sleep. And I mentioned your finding each article before hitting the sack. A thousand explicable reading expenses.
LIP, ST. JOSEPH, ALTA

• Terrific. Each time I read your magazine, I get the feeling you have been reading my mind, but after a little cross-checking with others I decide that I'm reading yours. Keep up the good work. You really have succeeded in my P. H. SMITH, ST. JOSEPH, ALTA

• I want to congratulate you on the new innovative site without sacrificing the more interesting regular features.
MAD ELIANA PARFETTE, MONTREAL

• I used to enjoy reading MacLean's. This new issue is the pig off — and I am returning it to you.
MEL CHASSE, HENTY, WESTLOCK, ALTA

• As one of those who do most of their reading in bed, I was thrilled to find the new look.
SIR G. V. MORRILL, PORT ARTHUR, ONT

And specifically of the Four Island experiment. Admittedly it was an overnight to learn all the details of the issue, but I understand completely that the project was undertaken in cooperation with Memorial University in St. John's."

Dogs or doctors

An animal lover, I resent the statement by Dr. Daniel Klein: "There is no such thing as a completely healthy or sick dog." (What's New, March 1981). I know better. I work with many dogs and never doctors and I would say there is no such thing as a completely safe doctor.
DONALD M. ANDERSON, WHITE ROCK, BC

LBB: Who's perfect?

Young Editor-in-Chief of LBB (John M. Hayes) "You're You Too, LBB" has been the comment that greets the editor for John Dilman. As you see, we should not allow a few trifling defects to obscure his virtues. To be sure, these are Alas, several hundred thousand Vietnamese dead or better dead, and a disastrous bombing of a neutral country. At home, 30 billion dollars spent on military hardware and armoured youth, a revolutionary Mayaguez, a dozen核 weapons, and a swelling all-prevalent military establishment. Well, nobody's perfect. To balance these possibilities, he plays roulette and he's a good speller too.
RONALD GIBSON, WHITE ROCK, BC

Gone to pot

As a member with a low tolerance for responsibility, my bats stink around here. I take a day off of your article on smoking (Issue #1) and have to go smoking (Issue #2). The New People Speak Out, I am 30 and have already had a few social smokers to smoke for me to have really. They create most problems that they solve.
BILL CANTER, VANCOUVER

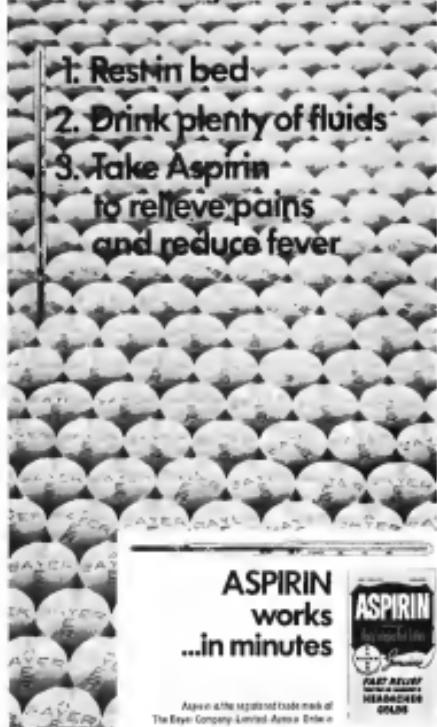
• It makes one wonder where the Warriors Squad is hiding when such flagrant smokers as you are allowed unchallenged. A. J. SMITH, EASTWOOD, ONT

• A few months back, I have read some incomprehensible People Speak Out. They are incomprehensible because we live in a democracy and their actions are understandable. In fact, it is not a fault of the people and problem is to live in a democracy in the law, but not to follow it. They are largely responsible for young people being impressionable, which to my mind is a very serious offence. *MacLean's* Sighting for the United States by Dr. Donald D. Pepe, Dr. Alan C. Bell PhD, and Dr. Michael B. Rosen of Memorial Health Center Research Center at Lexington, Kentucky, states: "We do

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Issue that 70 percent of 3,211 senior soldiers admitted to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington and Fort Worth during 1965 reported a history of marijuanna use ... While marijuanna may be less harmful than alcohol, we believe it's better to be safe than sorry in taking a stand. — J. S. ELLIOTT, STAFFORDSHIRE'S MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, ENGLAND

* How dare Marloes! I judge them justly as "some of the best people!" A college degree doesn't automatically make one wise.

M. MCKEEEN, MONROVIA, QUEBEC

Trudeau mystery man

Who Was That? Can't Burn The Trudeau Bullock. The man I used to know called Trudeau. The less I know about him, the more was ever elicited by public office about whom he hide is known. But no Canadian of influence says he has physically changed during his term in office. He did not age. He is still the country's most confidant. And I continue to speak for the impotent, as ever shall

ALLEN M. WILLIAMS, WINNIPEG

Glen Miller

Hal Tremaine's *The Long And Ludicrous Life Of The "Glen Miller" Band* (McGraw-Hill) is a fascinating and valuable history of the band's rise and fall. He traces the life of the band, including criticizing the establishment. To refer to Tex Beneke as a musician with unique talents is simply untrue. To say Ray McKinley under the band would like Miller always believed it would be a gross understatement. The band consists of amateur musicians. Miller did not use amplified instruments. The original Glen Miller Band was, without question, one of the finest bands of the 1940s.

PAUL M. WOODLEY, RENO, NEVADA

Hal Tremaine writes: "By 'future objectives' I didn't mean amplified instruments but rather recording equipment of a quality scarcely dreamed of in Miller's day."

Take a farmer to dinner

In *Naomi Delph's A Little Off The Reserve: Forget About Power!* (West-Hack Books) (Report) I suggest the Prime Minister invite some western wheat farmers to dinner some evening. The conversation would be kept lively with such questions as: why did the price of wheat go up two cents and the dinner bill up 10 cents? Or, why did the government allow the military establishment a \$42 million increase when farmers have never been allowed a two-price system for wheat, which they have been requesting for some 20 odd years?

MARILYN MORSE, PINE, B.C.

Bad People Power?

The *Mayan Emergence Of People Power* is both welcome and praiseworthy. It is revolutionary in the best sense of the term. Driving tanks into Prague is a clear sign of fear and weakness rather than strength. Far from wiping the dictatorship of People Power in Czechoslovakia, continue on page 75

First Expo.
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We Canadians
can't do?



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From Calvert.**

A NEW VISION FOR THE NEAR NORTH

Richard Rohmer's big idea
for the next century—
develop Canada's north the
way Sir John A. Macdonald
strung together the south

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

RICHARD ROHMER, ex-fighter pilot, former Tory backroom boy, corporate lawyer, business development expert and promoter of a portable gas system, has a telescope in his office at Toronto. That telescope is the key for developing resources, be it oil or copper or timber, in the north. It's a simple, simple legal idea. Richard Rohmer is a flaming visionary, a dreamer of extravagance dreams.

It was Rohmer who invented an idea you'll be hearing a lot about in the next few months: the Mid-Canada Development Corridor. At the moment, it's simply that—an idea—that could cost about five billion dollars to implement. But very few people who have examined it have failed to become excited by Rohmer's northern vision. For what he's proposing is nothing less than a second Canada—in areas of development and population growth through a crescent-shaped corridor stretching across the nation's midsection that could become one of the world's more productive regions, and the full-throated home of several million Canadians.

Let Rohmer tell it: "I'm not talking about Disraelian southern dreams. This

isn't even sure what the old gentlemen had in mind. This area, which we call mid-Canada, isn't the true north of Eskimos, Indians, and Polar Bears. We're talking about an area further south, where the climate is milder, there's more room where people can live and work and raise their kids. It's a simply fantastic opportunity. We have the chance to do for mid-Canada what Sir John A. Macdonald did for north-eastern Canada: string it together with a railroad, build a chain of large-scale cities that are fit to live in, add a second tier to the country. What's the alternative? Canada will have 100 million extra people a century from now. Where are they going to live? Do we just make every southern city as big and impersonal as Toronto? Or do we try to build a different kind of civilization farther north?"

Rohmer himself doesn't propose to have the answer to this question. But over the last six days he's been poring over his map two years ago, he's been working with a decidedly visionary staff at outlining the concept to the nation.

His first step, he says, was to adapt the old Mackenzie King technique of diagnosing radical changes in the grey cloak of

invisibility. "Canadians are the world's greatest credulous consumers," says Rohmer. "There was no point in my advertising the north by accident—the accidents of life being probably until I'd get some sort of reaction to prove with me."

So Rohmer, of Research and Planning Limited, a Toronto-based engineering firm, to do some preliminary research on the feasibility of developing the near north. The result, 12 weeks later, was a careful evaluation of the mid-north's economic and geographic assets — something, surprisingly, that had never been accepted before. The Acros team of extractors and planners added little to Rohmer's base idea, but their inventory of various sociogeographic factors — climate, resources, soil, hydro patterns, vegetation — defined mid-Canada's boundaries for the first time. These boundaries define a horseshoe-shaped area stretching from Labrador to Saskatchewan — the pink area outlined on the map of Canada in the picture above. More important, the Acros study fed the imagination of one of Canada's biggest and most imaginative engineers from the start: that idea, said Rohmer, had been just that — one man's idea.

Actually, the mid-Canada concept is apparent — including 15 provinces — more of an approach than an idea. At a conference at Lakehead

University to add flesh to the bones of Rohmer's idea, the conference's invitation list — federal deputy ministers, captains of industry, provincial politicians, key economists — is already designed to plug all the various Canadian establishments into the project's growing complexity.

Acros' first step is the Rainier-Acros highway through the corridor, 300 miles long through the interior, 300 miles west already. But the Acros study does not rule out the utilization of present ways of transport. However, while planes, cargo helicopters, "The point is," says Acros President Norman Simpson, "that it will take five to 10 years just to complete a detailed feasibility study. But by that time, technological advances may make the mid-Canada project even more feasible than it is now."

What's needed to get the planning started is a firm commitment of some sort from Ottawa, the provinces and two territorial governments. As a first step to obtaining that commitment, Rohmer will speak with three universities to set up a nonprofit foundation to promote the project. His idea is this: "Next April, the plan is to go to Ottawa, 'Acceptable in concept, back to work.' But the state has to lead a contrary from new public groups of each of the partners, like the province

and the federal government, to develop the mid-north. One of the more revolutionary recent developments in the construction industry, for instance, has been the introduction of plastic sheeting, which is overlaid around structures so they're being built, thus preventing year-round construction. Incredible innovations like that, rather than dramatic new super-technologies, may be all it takes to make the mid-north viable, as opposed to merely beautiful.

As a matter of fact, there are at least 200,000 Canadians who would resist that the corridor is inherently feasible already. They're residents of Whitehorse, Labrador City, Baie-Comeau, the Bay River district, Flin Flon and the Lakehead — the areas designated in the Rainier-Acros plan as potential growth centers each capable of supporting 100,000 or more.

Indeed, at the Lakehead it's happening already. Next year's amalgamation of Fort Albany and Fort William will create a city of 110,000 — and a forewarning of the kind of life that several millions of east Greenlanders and Alaskans planned to lead a century from now. Just a glimpse of some of the partners, like the pro-



SAUL LASKIN'S LAKEHEAD: FIRST OF MID-CANADA'S SIX BIG CITIES

It's cold at the Lakehead. But it's an almost pyrotechnic kind of cold, for it brings the snowmobiles whizzing out of people's backyards and down the snow-clad streets, to thump as they zoom in Thunder Bay, Ontario, fear of the last big slope in Ontario lies within 30 minutes of downtown, and every distant snowbank shudders. Winter is a matter of perception. You can either curl up, escape it, or try to ignore it. At the Lakehead, people try to enjoy it.

The most popular of the reasons why Port Arthur's Mayor Saul Laskin is said on the feasibility of the mid-Canada development corridor. The idea stands or falls, after all, on the proposition that people can live comfortably in mid-Canada. Laskin and 110,000 other Lakehead residents have been doing it for years.

This may come as news to southern Canada. The national media seem to have excused a silent conspiracy to ensure that the rest of northwestern Ontario's existence doesn't leak to the outside world. There is probably no way of Canada more justifiably conscious of being ignored. During Centennial year, when the Canadian Government Transport Commission distributed a "Come to Canada" brochure through the U.S., they included Kipnashkang and Moosonee as the map, but failed to mention Port Arthur. When MP Robert Andrus last year suggested carving an 11th province out of northern Ontario and southern Quebec, no one in his riding saw fit to hoot him down; by now they're used to going it alone in northwestern Ontario.

This independent attitude has helped the Lakehead develop a problem-solving capacity that few southern cities possess. Oshawa, Port Arthur and Port



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MURRAY FREIGHT

age-looking. But even a thinnest visitor can detect a certain respect about the place.

Saul Laskin, who must be one of the liveliest mayors in the country, has had a lot to do with it. "More and more," he says, "I see our role in municipal government is to isolate the human problems. We've got to take — [and here he grapes for the appropriate word] — we've got to take a neighborly approach."

That's a good definition. The Lakehead is big enough for a TV station, a symphony orchestra, a university, two obviously parallel newspapers (though it's still small enough for today's paper to be the most popular), more miles of the plains because they want to school together. When Laskin walks to lunch along Cumberland Street, perhaps a dozen people pass him. "My waiting room," he says, "is like a doctor's office in this job you can actually help people."

Laskin's main contribution, however, has been administrative. He has functioned like a small-town Trudeau — trimming budgets, planning years ahead, enlisting priorities and sticking to them. Port Arthur's Water Department, for instance, used to require streets in the traditional manner — on the basis of which homeowners complained the loudest. Laskin's council rebuffed the request, resulting in a great deal of expense in terms of the city within a few years. He's also saved the city close to \$60,000 by skillful avoidance of borrowing, and pushed through a redevelopment plan that will make Port Arthur's waterfront look something like Miami's.

Laskin, you see, thinks in terms of environment. Previous generations of Lakehead politicians felt proud of having some new park built; Laskin's approach is to wonder what can be done about the park. "We're not really bright here," he says, "but we've got to be. If we don't do something about it, we're going to become obsolete. We'll educate our young people — and they'll leave. They won't come back because there'll be nothing to come back to. People nowadays want an environment that's decent. My job is to try to give it to them."

On January 1, 1970, by a meeting of the pretentious government, Port William and Port Arthur, along with two small and adjacent townships, will be merged into a single municipal unit of 110,000 people — one

large-looking. But even a thinnest visitor can detect a certain respect about the place. The forced amalgamation will end one of the longest debates in the history of the twin cities — and also restore a bit of old-time magnificence engendered by their traditional rivalry. At present, bus passengers traveling from one city to the other must get off one bus at the municipal boundary and wait for the other city's bus to arrive before continuing their journey. Two nearly identical sewage-treatment plants stand together on opposite sides of the unincorporated boundary — a duplication that probably cost taxpayers upwards of a million dollars. Port Arthur, like cork cheese for fans in Port William, and vice versa. Port Arthur's winter is漫长 in Port William they pay a fine rate. And so on.

Laskin, mayor since 1962, was one of the early advocates of amalgamation and lobbied for it as president of the Ontario Association of Mayors and Presidents. When I asked him if he thought the amalgamation issue should have been settled by a plebiscite, he said a very interesting thing: "What good is a plebiscite when the young people — whose future is being decided — wouldn't have a vote? Why should older people subordinate their future?"

Coming from Mark Rudd or Donald Cohn-Bendit, this might sound reasonable. But coming from a Jewish former member of the Canadian House of Commons, it sounds a highly unconventional view. Which is sort of Port Arthur's problem. During the Depression there was only enough money to send his two older brothers to university. One brother, Don, became one of Canada's outstanding legal scholars. But Saul, it was decided, had to stay home and mind his father's hardware-and-furniture business. By the time he joined the army in 1942, Laskin had built the business into a prospering concern.

Todays he's lost his early reputation about not having attended university. Being mayor of Port Arthur lifts him. "Since I like to travel," he says, "but I like to live here. I don't want to live in a ghetto-and-society like Toronto. In the big city if you're a lawyer, all you are are lawyers. I wouldn't live like that. I like to be able to spread through the whole community meeting all kinds of people. The Lakehead's the perfect size for me. Big enough to be interesting but too small to be impersonal."

The lady preacher who used the media to turn on a town

ONE OF THE curious things about Richard Rohr's mid-Canada corridor idea is the apparently it presents to evoke a new community lifestyle. Is it really possible to make big cities neighborly as the small towns of everyone's nostalgic memory? Rohr hopes so, and the lady pictured below the Reverend Lois Wilson thinks she knows no.

Mrs. Wilson is a member of one of the few hometowns' clerical teams in the United Church, and a vigorous exponent of transforming the church into a vehicle for social action. In 1969 Mrs. Wilson organized an experiment, the first of its kind in Canada, that might develop into an important technique for making big cities less impersonal. Using methods pioneered by social workers and civil rights activists, she got the whole town talking about areas of community concern. The project was called Town Talk.

Town Talk was planned as carefully as an election campaign. Hundreds of invitations went out to groups from the Knights of Columbus to the Senior Hockey League. Several hundred people turned up at an initial meeting. Accountants lent themselves, sitting down with auditors to plan how to run discussion groups on such topics as politics or family breakdowns. Then, over the month of November 1967, the whole thing blossomed in an orgy of public discussion. Town Talk bought 40 half-hour slots on the local TV station to air documentaries and talk shows on the selected topics. Meanwhile, dozens of groups scheduled speakers on the same topics. Other groups of newly augmented Lakelanders met to talk over the problems in each other's living rooms.

Well, what did Town Talk achieve? Nothing tangible perhaps, but a remarkable breakthrough. A great many people thought about issues they hadn't considered before, and discussed them with people they hadn't met before. "Maybe there's enough in itself," she says. "Town Talk isn't cheap, you know. It's precious."



The university head who likes to build lakes—personally, if necessary

DON W. G. DALE TAMBLYN, who is president of Lakehead University, wouldn't let fine statuary as president of McColl or Simon Fraser. His students are all wrong, no academic distinction to speak of (he's "Dr." by virtue of an honorary degree from Laurentian University), all kinds of connections with the business community. He made a small fortune in construction, and (in this year's president, for heaven's sake, of the Lakehead Chamber of Commerce), and no pretensions to grandeur from day one. Despite his wife was once standing behind a counter in the administration office, holding up prep school papers (or possibly performed in a striptease).

But then, Lakehead University is an independent place. The vast majority of the 2,000 students look as wholesome and energetic as a Future Farmers of America convention, and are uniformly more interested in getting a degree and a job than in restructuring society.

Lakehead, in other words, is the kind of university that hasn't developed to the point where it needs priests and professors. To a greater extent than most of the new ones, it's a regional university — Tamblyn sees his job as an effort to keep young people in northwestern Ontario. The emphasis now is art and science courses as training in experience. The new student body has been recruited from universities and colleges and TV in being used as an active teaching aid. The extension department has professors out teach places as Red Lake and Kenora to give weekend credit courses and make out some lectures on videotape, while the professor remains in Port Arthur to answer questions on a long-distance speakerphone. Five years from now, Lakehead University will look like Oxford-on-the-Prairie, Inc., with modern residences built in a nearby forest, and academic buildings grouped around an artificial lake. Tamblyn, the professional builder, has expressed a desire in obtaining the necessary approval from conservation authorities for the enormous job. "But I'll get that later," he says, "if I have to dig the hole myself."

Well, what did Tamblyn achieve? Nothing tangible perhaps, but a remarkable breakthrough. A great many people thought about issues they hadn't considered before, and discussed them with people they hadn't met before. "Maybe there's enough in itself," she says. "Town Talk isn't cheap, you know. It's precious."



The boy conductor who's tuning up the Lakehead by teaching 300 kids to play music

Now why do some suppose that born into one of North America's homeliest neighbourhoods would be especially half-bred in all of them the Lakhead? On the face of it it's a strange alliance of the mother and the husband, Brett, who's only 24, as a figure of sand angles and temblying precocity, a concert debut with the Montreal Symphony of the age of five, an apprenticeship with Pierre Monteux, conductor of his own symphony (British Northern Sinfonia) before he was 20.

What can possibly have attracted him to the Lakhead, where the home-town symphony is in Brett's useful phrase "very primitive" and where the most intense cultural contribution was until recently, Bobby Corridon? Let Brett explain. "The Lakhead," he says, "is a beautiful blend of isolation and community." It's remote enough to escape the cultural domination of Toronto and New York but close enough for commuting from his other job as assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic. This combination may be crucial to the success of Brett's Great Experiment: a five-year plan he hopes will turn Lutselak, Bobby Corridon's home town into one of the musically sophisticated communities in North America.

"In most big cities," Brett says, "music has become either a social toy — something the upper-middle class takes like madame, because it's good for you. The conductor has become the overseer of a musical museum you just know you're in or outside because it's the highest possible culture. The kids learn later that way."

He's your plain folks for the addition of another resident quartet next year, a woodwind quintet, a brass quintet and a band group spanning northwestern Ontario. Brett's role is to sit at a console. He has shown little formal skill in getting the university, the various school boards and the local symphonic Estab. In fact all pulling in the same direction. He sees the program as a legitimate concern in community development as important in its way as political control or urban renewal. "The point," he says, "is to make the Lakhead a pleasant place to live. Music helps."

"The basis of musical development is participation," he says. "Four hundred years ago people were madrigals together. Today you can see that happening with pop music. The Beatles Music is becoming a tribal thing again part of the social process."

Entertainment theorists have talked like this for years. But what Brett's report at the Ontario Council for the Arts visited the Lakhead 18 months ago to survey the prospect for an experimental program in music education, he found the area so promising that he stayed to stay.

The first step was to attract a team of top-level professional musicians and this turned out to be no problem. He found five immediately. Famous string quartets interested in living and teaching at the Lakhead and finally chose the Princeton String Quartet whose leader, Leslie Steinhardt played under Tossounian. "Why shouldn't they be anxious to come? It's a chance to play and teach in a community context — something thoughtful musicians dream about," says Brett.

The quartet has been in residence since September. They're in the strings section of the Lakhead Community Orchestra, give free music hour concerts at the university and public events where the audience looks at conductor's violin, sipping wine and nibbling cheese.

But the quartet's main job is teaching. This year they're giving 200 concerts in elementary schools and are attracting more than 500 children in viola, violin and cello. "This is the goal of the program," says Brett. "My whole theory is that any amateur who comes in to teach should be at the highest possible caliber. The kids learn later that way."

His four-year plan calls for the addition of another resident quartet next year, a woodwind quintet, a brass quintet and a band group spanning northwestern Ontario. Brett's role is to sit at a console. He has shown little formal skill in getting the university, the various school boards and the local symphonic Estab. In fact all pulling in the same direction. He sees the program as a legitimate concern in community development as important in its way as political control or urban renewal. "The point," he says, "is to make the Lakhead a pleasant place to live. Music helps."





THE AMERICANS WHO VOTED WITH THEIR FEET

The boldfaced masses of the American middle class, yearning to breathe free, are moving to Canada in search of a sunnier life. This is a report on our abler immigrants, what they're trying to escape, and what they're finding here.

BY AGN RUDY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNAUD MAGGS

LAFF AUGUST and September, a prosperous but vaguely discontented fruit-grower from Delta, California, vacationed in British Columbia with his wife and son and daughter and their families. One day they walked through a big, partly cleared valley near Cheviot, 65 miles west of Dawson Creek, and it seemed to John Baerg that the place was beautiful in the empty way that California must have been beautiful once, before the leases and the freeways cut it up, when a man could stand stockstill and listen to nothing at all. The sky over the perfect horizon was blue-haze. The rippling grasses were lime-colored at the end of the fine northern summer and the earth, when he kicked at it, was black, sweet-smelling, new.

"When we came home we just couldn't forget it," he says. "We flew back for another look. We decided we wanted to live there." So Baerg, who grows peaches and grapes and apricots on 140 acres, and his son, also a farmer, and his son-in-law, a designer and cabinmaker, raised about \$300,000 and bought 2,100 acres of valley bottom near Cheviot. They are going to grow grain and run cattle. And, being American and the most modest of planners, they have already shipped a \$14,000 Caterpillar V-6 bulldozer to the site. The two younger men will do some clearing and construction in the spring. Baerg, who is 56, proposes to sell his California farm and move up next

summer with the three wives and the five children.

Why? He is a little vague about it. "The family situation doesn't look good in California," he says. "Not that we wanted out of the States. We're Republicans. Our factor is that we like open space. We're a close-knit family and we want to work together. We couldn't find a big enough piece of land here. The skiing and hunting will be kind of nice. There's a certain freedom up in Canada."

In 1967, 19,038 U.S. citizens moved to Canada — probably for 19,038 reasons. Whatever they were — Canadian freedom, joblessness, opportunity, U.S. congressional racial and civic strife and all the attendant problems of the most powerful and committed post-industrial state — the long-hatched brain drain from Canada was offset by a surprising brain gain. Those "porpoises of gloom and doom," in John Dieleman's mortal phrase, who once saw a Canada impaled of everybody but trappers and Pierre Berton now saw an inglorious America with huddled-immigrant papers lurking behind every gate. Those were grimaboutas about the new threat to the Canadian identity so lately assured at Expo, most notably from two Carleton University English professors who discovered that the percentage of non-Canadians in university staff may have swollen to 50 percent, most of them Americans. A recent motion that Canadians should comprise two thirds of the Carleton faculty was put to the faculty association — and defeated 150-5.

Meanwhile, government officials have been noting the tide's turn with rather sanguine satisfaction. "We've been training people for the U.S. job market so long that it seems only fair to reverse the process," says a spokesman for the Department of Manpower and Immigration. The southward flow may, in fact, still be ascendant. In the year preceding June 1967, the U.S.

This is the cleanest air that I have ever lived in!"

Former New York advertising copywriter Steve Fierberg; his wife Lynn and son Steven, four, have moved to Toronto. "We Atlantic subtropical areas," says Fierberg. "What I appreciate most about Canada is its generosity."



admitted 22,729 persons on visas from Canada. An unknown number of them, however, were Europeans entering the U.S. the easy way — after a stopover in Toronto or Montreal. And there are plenty of signs that the influx of Americans — which has been growing steadily since 1966, when 12,565 moved here — will continue to accelerate. The government takes the opportunistic view that Americans' loss of employability with the situation at home is Canada's gain.

A Canadian Immigration officer who recently manned a booth at the Oklahoma State Fair was surrounded when immigrants formed: "I talked to more than 1,000 people, and they were really worried," he says. "They were worried enough to want to get out. They would start talking about moving to Canada. The older people would say, 'If I were young again I'd go to your country.' You could feel the anxiety in the air all the time. There were no Negroes." He adds: "We didn't get one question from a Negro. It's the whites who want to move." W. D. Grant, immigration officer in charge at the Canadian consulate in Chicago, was as ill-burned in a blizzard of applications following the Democratic Convention last summer. "After conversations and elections there are always people who want to move away," he says. "A lot of them have inherent racial strife; integration, political disillusionment as reasons for leaving." Grant's counterpart in New York, H. W. Thomson, makes a point of asking applicants why they want to move, "because most of them are doing very well where they are." Thomson has found three common motivations:

"First, there's room in Canada and they feel that it's getting crowded in the States. There's a certain amount of nostalgia for the way things used to be in a big, open society. They think they are going to get away from the regimentation, for one thing. I tell them that Canada's got laws and regulations, too, but they don't feel it'll be the same. Second, a lot of them say, 'Well, we're moving for the kids' sake. Your country has the resources and it's going to boom.' Third, I think they just like the challenge of a new country. They want to take a chance. The Americans are risk takers, you know. If a situation is there they want to have a crack at climbing it. It's a pioneering spirit. These fellows are still physical pioneers. Maybe they're the last pioneers on earth."

The last point is surely the least. "They are

**"I've had judo and karate.
I was always afraid I would
have to use them—I was
afraid I'd kill somebody"**

Photographer Barry Astley, his wife Arlene and four-year-old daughter Coosne come to Canada to escape the "bad" New York bus system. "Drug addicts, muggers, Negroes keep poking at you. The cops can't stop what's going on. I'd never go back."

excellent immigrants," says Migrator Minister Allan MacEachern, "a dynamic driving force in developing nation can overlook." They are almost invariably well-educated and well-heeled. Of the 19,000 odd who settled here in 1967, fully 4,000 were professionals and fewer than 100 were laborers. Young married college graduates, typically, they came from New York, California, Michigan, Washington, Massachusetts and Illinois to Ontario (7,000), British Columbia (4,800), Alberta (2,700) and Quebec (2,300). They brought money: \$3,000 came to Canada with each man, woman and child. They come to stay. "These people demonstrate a great deal of independence," says Gruer at the Chicago consulate. "They need the want ads and travel around and ring doorbells to get jobs." In New York, Thomson can't recall getting a single complaint from a U.S. immigrant to Canada. "They settle down pretty quickly and they don't seem to come back," he says. "Most of them have made connections up there before they move, and they're not hard-pressed for initial living expenses. They go and they make it."

They come and, usually, they like it. MacEachern's talked with a dozen recent immigrants and encountered an optimism rare in native Canadians. If anything troubles the newcomers it is a sense of isolation, our seeming lack of involvement in shared problems. "Sometimes I want to shake Canadians and say, 'Don't be so damned apathetic,'" says pretty Louise Crockett, a bilingual journalist from Connecticut and upscale New York who chose Canadian stability after a period of deep commitment to U.S. racial problems. Sean Finnigan, a former New York advertising copywriter working in Toronto, has discovered a "free Edsel" and a "gentleness" lacking at home. But, he adds, "A lot of Canadians are not really motivated for excellence. They don't feel they can be number one." This same desire of individual and national aggressiveness appeals to many Americans. "It's comfortable not living in a super-power," says Wilfiee Roeder, an M.A. candidate at the University of Toronto and the son of a federal employee in New Jersey. "It's nice having a city government that just cracks along. You can do your own thing here." Alan Correll, an economist from Baltimore and Philadelphia now teaching at the University of Manitoba, finds "less animosity among groups of people, less to be afraid of." Tom Bruse, a former Peace Corpsman and civil-rights work-



er who teaches political science at Vancouver's Simon Fraser University, fears U.S. "internationalized violence" and approves of the lack of seriousness with which Canadians view their "democratic" government. "Canadians are softer, more sincere, more barmy," he says. Richard Storn, a history professor from Chicago now teaching at York University, notes a pleasant disorientation among Canadians to erupt under pressure. "I have the feeling of a soldier who has served on a tough front for a while and has been relieved of duty — not through my own feelings," he says carefully. "But I was ready for something new."

The toughest home front of all is New York, and among the most appreciative U.S. immigrants to Toronto is photographer Barry Ashley, who lived there Ashley, 33, competitive, self-made, born in a Brownsville slum, gave up half his considerable savings to get, as he puts it, the hell out. "I would never go back to New York," he says. "I was raised dreading a stick-blank walk to school. At the age of 14 all I did was fight Negroes. Things have got worse. Basically, New York has changed from a jungle to a zoo. I enjoyed it when it was survival of the fittest. — I really loved New York — but now it's like you're stuck behind bars. The drug addicts and the wordies and the Negroes keep poking at you. I can't be a liberal when I'm scared to death of the Negro hordes. My wife and daughter couldn't go out at night. We had a great apartment and a 23-foot cabin cruiser on the Hudson, but what good was that? I wasn't happy with the political scene either, but if you can fight, You can't fight the too things. We went back for a visit — we both left our families there — and I just missed a rot. My wife couldn't wait to get home to Canada. I took karate and judo because I'm a coward who hates to get hurt. I was always afraid it would kill somebody in New York. But I couldn't stop them from poking through the bins of my wife and kid."

It was a fairly easy decision for Ashley to opt out of a too bad, having made it, to choose Toronto over Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles — all of which he abhors. Most Americans here are considerably less sure of their feelings and obligations. "If I thought my country had gone to hell, I would go back," says Tom Volk, a McGill economist and a native of Milwaukee. "I'd think it was my duty. But all of the promise of the U.S., if it hasn't been lost in the last

"The intellectuals fled Hitler long before Dachau. When the U.S. gets more reactionary a lot of scientists will come here"

Wilson Thompson left an academic partnership and professorship at M.I.T. in Cambridge, Mass., en route to Canada with his wife and two children. Now at York University, he admires Toronto's "cleverest heritage. I trust it'll be here a long time."

few years, is at least in a state of abeyance. I was watching Nixon on TV the other night, and I felt sort of thankful I was up here." Dr. Storn, at York, found the move frankly agonizing. "The decision is whether to stay and fight reaction," he says, "and that depends on your talent. A certain kind of mind wouldn't work in California, for example. It would be silly to exhaust oneself to no purpose in a situation of tamece." Lorrie Crocker, who describes herself as "a well-bred little girl from Connecticut who refused to have a debut, eloped and became a civil-rights worker," gave up after 10 years. "The movement has ended," she says. "I'm not copping out or turning my back on the States. There's nothing more I can do I want to live in Canada."

On the right, President Johnson dropped out of the election race, William Thompson, a 30-year-old associate professor of literature at M.I.T., got a call from York University and decided, to the amazement of his colleagues, to quit Cambridge and an immediate promotion and bring his wife and two children to Downsview, Ontario, and an accelerated sabbatical he'd visited only once. Thompson, whose special area of interest is revolutionary behavior, felt there was no place for him in a now U.S. revolution polarized by Leftist radicals and what he calls liberal fascists. He had gotten into an argument with Joan Baez in California, and she had told him that he must either "throw myself at the Pentagon or serve in a kept woman for the system." Neither course appealed to him and he felt that in Canada he could do his thing. "I want to go back to California but can't," he says — and it seems doubtful that he ever will, since his conditions are (1) that "capitalists give up control of the universities (the way the churches did) and give up the idea that they're job-training centres with some poetry thrown in as a sop"; and (2) that the U.S. "creates the first planetary, homogeneous society in history, the alternative being a multi nation state, in which case China will get us sooner or later." York, he feels, is fairly enlightened, and Canada may escape the U.S. dilemma, even profit by it. "When the States gets more reactionary a lot of scientists will come here. After all, the intellectuals fled Hitler long before Dachau."

If Canada doesn't learn from U.S. mistakes, Thompson says, he'll go home, about reluctantly. "I'd rather

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THE CONTEST

CONTEST PR. 37

With its dry wit, its sly sense of taste, perky games and its drollish history of noisy quiz scandals, television has produced few contest ideas that are all at once clever, challenging and answers. One exception is (or, rather, was) a game round presented by Steve Allen on "The Steve Allen Show." He format called for the players (and usually Allen's coconspirator) to supply a word or phrase as an answer, and then for the funny man (Allen) to supply a question to go with it. It was scripted, of course, but it was like a game, and it was usually fast — and funny. Sample page:

The answer is: "Cleopatra's heart." What's the question?

The question is: "What did Cleopatra's accountant say when her creditors tried to collect their bills?"

The answer is: "Thirty pieces of silver." What's the question?

The question is: "What did the Lone Ranger buy after his accident with the key widow?"

Readers are invited to play The Answer Man with us, by concocting a clever and amusing question to go with any one of the following answers:

shavers' mucous
an electric shaver
funk Kent Cooks
Willie Mays

Punch 'n' Judy
By George
the leaning tower of Pisa
Mississippi

John Wayne
a piece of her mind
a strands cottage

the first man on the moon
Munichese Als

We think these phrases are flexible enough to provide scope for the astute puns that are a typical feature of The Answer Man's questions. Cash prizes, as usual, will be awarded to published entries. Address: Contest No. 37, Maclean's, 485 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Deadline: March 25.

RESULTS OR CONTEST NO. 36
Supposing that the knack of writing cleverly appropriate cable addresses is an art form that's too little known, we invited readers to compose some for organizations and famous people in the tradition of those already in use for the Canadian Spokesmen and Women's Service of Toronto (SPEAKWRITE) and Canadian

Breweries (CANBREW). The results were gratifying and amazing, and we only hope contestants had as much fun writing their entries as we did reading them. Beginning with the notion that the best items or to entries ought to get equal awards, the judges then came upon one entry they felt deserved a special award. And so the sole award of \$10 goes to Mrs. J. H. Douglas of Prince George, B.C., for ingenuity that any manufacturer of The P.M. could use the cable address

ANTIRETROGICS

Other winning entries awarded five dollar spikes (i.e. cause of duplication, prints go to the earliest entry).

For Aristotle Onassis: BILLIONARI

For Lynette Johnson: DADABIRD

For the Bandit Coster Studio, Toronto: UPHIGHT

For Juliette EXPET

For the Corps of Commissioners

RENTAGUARD

For Greyhound Lines: DOGUS

Illustration by GORDON COOPER



Far Major Dogman's Voluntary Tax Office: DRAGAME

For the women's committee, Toronto Symphony: BANDARD

For Postmaster General Eric Kierans:

LETTERHEAD

For the Angus Corporation: TAY-

LOMADIE

For the Irish Republican Army:

GUNSMIKE

For Mao Tse Tung: REDHEAD

For Playboy magazine: SEXCESS

For the Duke康嘉樂樂團: HEADLINE

For the speakers: SPEAKEAST

The winners: Edna Ellen Murphy, Halifax; Terence Roche, Toronto; Monica Epp, Don Mills, Ont.; Mrs. A. L. Henderson, Calgary; P. R. de Greeby, Poole Cliffs, Que.; Anne Vandyk, Victoria; Kenneth White, Don Mills; Shirley McGinnock, Mississauga; Mrs. Rhoda Feiner, Montreal; Mrs. D. J. Larter, Oakville, Ont.; N. J. Ross, Edmonton; Raymond Holt, Guelph; BC; Jeffrey Rose, Toronto.



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The graphic features a man with a mustache and a woman with blonde hair, both smiling, surrounded by various food items like lobsters, bread, and a bottle of wine. The title 'The Galloping Gourmet' is written in large, stylized, colorful letters. Below it, 'ARM MOIG-FERL' is written in a smaller, stylized font. At the bottom left, there's a speech bubble containing the text: "...IF YOU THINK THIS IS JUST ANOTHER TV COOKING SHOW, BOY, WILL YOU BE SURPRISED!" To the right of the title, there's a CBC logo.

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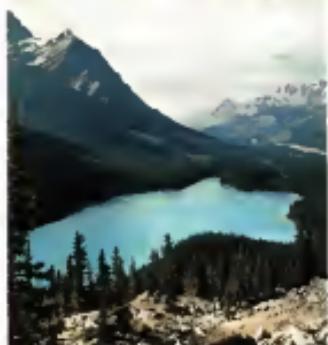
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ONE OF THE HAPPIER fringe benefits of a Caribbean holiday is that, whether you spend a lot of money or not very much, you can always use your trip as a status symbol. If you're rich, the object of the game is to find the most gaudily overpriced resort in the entire western hemisphere, and then come home to marvel loudly to your friends about the prices. But if you're on a small budget, the status game can be played just as effectively — only now your objective is to discover the sweetest, cheapest, most idyllic, most obscure island available and then come back and tell your friends how "unspoiled" it is.

As low-budget travelers, we these the second option. Like road vacationers, inverse status isn't our primary concern; we needed a holiday, we didn't have a lot of money, and we couldn't afford extremes at the level of resort; that's patronized by rich old ladies in bikini and rhinestone sunglasses.

So we chose carefully. After a month of researching, consulting friends and travel brochures, we decided to go to a place you probably haven't heard of,

For an offbeat Caribbean vacation, why not visit a revolution? We found a quiet one on the gorgeous island of Anguilla, and a little-known tourist paradise five miles away

but should. It's called St. Maarten/St. Martin — the alternative spelling is used because the island, roughly 200 miles due east of Puerto Rico, is half Dutch and half French. The two colonial administrators have split the island nearly down the middle, but you don't need any papers to pass from one side to the other. The island I was told by some body I met at a party is a race track of simplicity and low-key luxury, you can sleep on the beach and live off wild supplies if you're so disposed, or you can blow several hundred dollars a night in air-conditioned rooms.

It was sounder about right for us, but St. Maarten (the French part) has the Dutch spelling because we spent most of our time in the Dutch sector; it has an historical advantage: it's only five miles from the former British colony of Anguilla, an even lower island, which won't result, was the site of an insanely charming mini-revolution in 1867. The confrontation started over feuds in the beachcomber smuggling scene high life (he was warned in and as a sort of antidote to all the tourists).



living, a glimpse of the aftermath of a genuine tropical revelation.

The trip down was a breeze. You fly via Air Canada from Montreal to Antigua, then spend a night at the first stage hotel, then catch a smaller boat to St. Maarten, which has its own airport as part of the two. In the morning you board a Leeward Islands Air Transport or Caribbean Airways for the leisurely, island-hopping northward flight to St. Maarten. And it's only now, on this morning flight, that the beautiful relaxation dawns; you're not in Canada anymore. Below you the ocean is a luscious blue-green, the color of a backyard swimming pool. Islands you'll never leave the names of float slowly past your window, long, flat, ancient volcanic islands twisted into tortured, irregular shapes, islands with red relief settlements tucked inside soggy valleys and sparsely so small and sweet and empty as God made them, looking from the air like floating forests covered with bright green moss.

Finally, St. Maarten. My title Dutch means Queen Juliana's portrait on the walls, a young immigration officer who stamps your passport and who, you later learn, inspects at night as a very competent olypas-shoulder in one of the birds' roosts.

Downtown consists of two nations, mile-long streets strung out along a slender between two green hills. This is Philipsburg, capital of the Dutch sector. And now I must depart from the ancient tradition of travel writing to report that Philipsburg is emphatically not a city of contrasts. In fact, there's a delicious, laid-back about the place that made me wonder who really lives in an underdeveloped country: the Netherlands, with the last vestiges of the great empires of Holland, France, Montezuma and the Sioux who swam off the coast, shies and shags the sheep like Flock of greedy birds.

Along, you can walk down Front Street on a February evening that feels like soft July, and know you're a well-come guest. In someone else's home town. The street is dark but the moon is usually bright enough to reveal wild goats browsing in the old cemetery at the edge of town, or families sitting on the tiny front porches of closely crowded houses that line the streets. People nod or say "Good evening," as you pass. Sometimes, through open windows, you can peer into a house where every room is filled with a child at the piano, a couple in a clandestine room, or a family sitting around a table. The very old and the very young just talking. Am I guilty of romanticizing poverty? Maybe so. Twenty-five dollars a week is an excellent wage here, and the prices of staples aren't necessarily lower than at home. But is it wholly revolutionary to



St. Maarten, half Dutch, half French, totally Caribbean. The casino stays open late, the best Scotch costs two dollars a bottle. One of the great undiscovered pleasure islands





Anguilla: a tidy little revolution, fantastic beaches but for tourists it's a little too unspoiled

BY ALEXANDER ROSS
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HORST EHRENT

suggested that the sense of community I felt in the place, and the sheer physical beauty of almost everything, offers some kind of compensation?

Philipping no so sounds like a shantycapitalism in Applebottom's terms because we haven't got to the centre of town yet. It must be one of the most civilized thoroughfares on earth. The sheep! The restaurants? The bear garden? For about three blocks there are nothing but leafy little establishments selling everything from French cuisine to Bermuda shorts, all without a hint of huckster or hard-sell. St. Maarten is a belly-flop port; so the prices of many luxury items are considerably higher. A bottle of Vieux Carré Label costs about two dollars. Swiss watches that would fetch \$75 in Curaçao retail at Spiritair and Fashions for around \$22.

Now a word on the economics of accommodations. Nearly all hotels include three meals a day in the rates they quote, and there seems to be a basic price (around \$20 a day double) below which no hotel, not even the cheapest one you can find, will go. This means that it's little economy to stay at a second-rate hotel in St. Maarten because staying at a really great hotel will cost you only a little more. We stayed at one of the "medium-priced" hotels downtown, for \$25 per day. The rooms were comfortable and comfortable, but there was no air-conditioning and the roof had a carribean-style balcony overlooking the sea. So we moved to Little Bay Beach Hotel, about a mile out of town, a fantastic pine-knot-duster where the staff seemed to outnumber the guests, the crowds never descended below the level of a first-class restaurant in Montreal, and if you tried at snorkeling off the mile-long beach in front of the hotel, there were always the swimming pool, the cabana, the rum punch and the steel band in the bar. The price: \$26 a day for two, meals included. An extra four dollars a day, in other words, lifted us from near-squalor to near-elegance.

But even the best of sun and sand and the finest tropicals to pull after a week on the beach we decided it was time to visit the other island on our itinerary, Anguilla, where there hasn't been an authentic bloodless revolution in 1967.

Anguilla (85 square miles) is roughly one third the size of Oakville, Ontario, and at any given time, several hundred of its 6,000 inhabitants are away working on nearby islands. So the 1967 revolution—which consisted mainly of flogging 17 policemen at completion into a chartered plane and flying them to the neighboring island of St. Kitts—was noticed by most of the world's press as strictly a come-eaten affair. But the issues were still fairly serious. The



Anguilla's President Webster: "Talk about our beaches, not our troubles."

Anguillians have always detested the domination of the central government on St. Kitts. And after Britain gave local self-government to the Nevis-St. Kitts Anguilla Federation early in 1967, this resentment grew to the point where bloodshed became a distinct possibility.

Events since then have been either comical or creepy, but they've never been clear-cut. Shortly after Anguilla broke away from the Federation, the British sent a warship to investigate. As local legend tells it, it must have been one of the worst-aimed broadsides ever fired at a ship, because the Royal Navy's leading party discovered candy left on the beach, and then refined to the sound of gun fire. Since the Queen played by the local band, Armed vigilantes are used to patrol the beaches ready to repel any invasion from St. Kitts. Akin is a popular outdoor singer, the doctor's house was burned down a year ago. A few days before we arrived, seafarers set fire to a light plane belonging to an American resident.

Despite the tinges of semi-independence—Anguilla shares a regional flag designed by an American engineer, a printed name for Renold Webster, an Anguilla branch of the Bank of Montreal, post offices, a police force, small resembles independent units lacking a semblance of family bonds.

A look about five minutes after we came ashore to discover that Anguilla is a very upright little place. Nothing you could put a finger on you understand: just energy, undertones that made you suspect that half the people on the island knew, or wanted to know exactly where you went and what you were up to. I planned to write a story about the revolution, and talked to enough people to confuse me thoroughly. One young man didn't stop while I was writing until he asked Webster to interview President Webster, and tried to sell information concerning the burning of the plane. Someone else I met hinted darkly at Communism. In

retribution, and Beatrice Gumbi, a member of the local powerstructure and manager of the Rednecks Bar where we stayed, was well advised to enter the beaches and leave politics to the islanders. President Webster, who scurries round the island in a black Volkswagen, dropping a word here, a caustic remark somewhere else, won't able to clarify the situation. He spoke vaguely of plans for foreign investment, had me be hoped I'd write about the magnificent beaches, and assured I wouldn't mention the burned-down house, and the white washing was very complete, though certainly not perfect.

For a while I was beginning to feel, in my paranoid way, as like a participant in a grade-B film. But one piece of news helped restore my sense of proportion. With all my willing to interview Webster, he was delayed for several hours with officials of the Bank of America. What was going on? I was asked. A balance-of-payments crisis? Secret headquarters for the CIA? Foreign neighbors? Later, I found out, the bank wanted to install a new door on its tiny building, and the purpose of the meeting was President Webster's insistence that Anguilla labor be used.

However, known what will happen doesn't mean the Anguillians are a crowd. Highly educated, breed and train until to their自豪 of the St. Kitts government of Robert Bradshaw. For more than a year, London's Whitehall has been attempting to make Anguilla's government toward some form of peaceful settlement. But now the ten-year period is nearly over, and Webster late last year was telling visiting reporters that he'd probably be issuing a unilateral declaration of independence early in January. So by the time you read this, it'll be likely that Anguilla's independence revolution will have escalated into a nasty little conflict fought with real bullets.

Let's hope not. Instead, I propose to head back to the coast and let the beaches, which are indeed magnificent. We walked banffied for four hours one day along a stretch of sand that left like waves. Green at first. We met no one, we saw no buildings. Conch shells of mottled brown and reddish pink were strewn on the beach like flowers. The sea was the color of poster paint and as warm as we were. Otherwise we could see perils of coral cutting off the shallow water. And once we saw a large, evil-looking moray eel slithering through the shallows. It's like fire breathing, like the wings of a prehistoric bird—an eerie, giddy sight, and perhaps a reminder that in paradise, even in a backwater paradise like Anguilla, you're always going to find surprises. □



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MISSION FOR A MINI-SUB: FIND OUT WHAT'S DOWN THERE, UP THERE

BY ED COULIS

PATENTED RESEARCH Board techniques Dick Hurdnessas and the pilot of Paces I were gearing with titanium at the headwaters variety of ice-shifting gear the parts of the submarine when a hand from the front hatch mouthed a warning. Then they cut off the while as long as the 16-foot sub lasted, and it was heading directly for them. At the last instant, it veered away.

The submersible descended 1,000 fathoms north of the Canadian Rockies, 1,200 feet into the Bellingshausen deep of the Arctic Ocean. Through six weeks last August and September four Canadian and U.S. scientists and technicians from universities and government agencies took turns riding the bottomless sub to study the seabed, record seismic wave patterns, measure water and life, industry and oxygen analysis. The acoustic experts completed the world's first survey via submarine to gather year-round data on underwater noise, and they made the first successful recovery of environmental parameters from the Arctic Ocean, being four of the five species that became popular during during a 1967 expedition. Such data will, they hope, eventually enable better inhabitation in areas suddenly under the Arctic ice cap. "We sure," says the director of the operation, A. R. McLean of the University of British Columbia. "We don't know coming where submarine tanks will be one way of moving oil."

The intriguing little vessel making all this possible was built by three Vancouver men: Mack Thomas, 38; Al Thorne, 41; and Dan Smith, 39. The firm, called Submarine Hydrodynamics, has other units (Paces II and Pace III) in service, each worth \$700,000, plus two more under construction. They're not the world's only inventors either (the U.S. British, French, USSR and Japan have similar ones). Paces I, though, is the first and to come in their capacity for scientific work in oceanographical research, fisheries studies, bathymetry, oil exploration and geological surveys.

With most of the mechanical problems licked the Pace designers are working on a larger model, Pace IV. They'd like to contract it to sell not just to a foreign government (but guess the USSR), but into "something from a non-Canadian source" (that goes the U.S.). Solution? An "arrangement" whereby the Yukon company can tag along in return for help finding and testing. "People think there can be expand in foreign markets, presumably without danger of the deal being torpedoed." □



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THE FIGHTING DOCTOR WHO LIVES FOR CHILDREN



Crippled children, Thalidomide children, hungry children, children scarred by napalm in Vietnam — they're all the concern of Gustave Gingras, a doctor, a fighter who becomes "almost a con man" when he's campaigning for kids

BY WALTER STEWART
Photograph by Paul O'Farrell

Dr. GUSTAVE GINGRAS is a man of medium height and portly physique, with quick brown eyes, a beaming laugh and the kind of outgoing charm, polished but not overdone, that seems to be the special forte of French Canadians. A pleasant fellow, you say on meeting him, interesting, certainly straightforward, but not especially impressive, not the kind of man, for instance, to make the Canadian government reverse itself as a policy decision. And yet, that is exactly what he did, and because he did it, 15 Vietnamese girls are studying physiotherapy in Montreal today and, half a world away, a team of Canadian doctors are treating the victims of war and disease in a South Vietnamese refugee camp.

Influence counts that our government thought could never be beat.

Gingras has other accomplishments to his credit. He is Executive Director of the Rehabilitation Institute of Montreal, President of the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons, the first Canadian to serve as President of the International Federation of Physical Medicine, he is a Fellow of half a dozen medical societies and a member of more than two score medical and scientific groups from Italy to Venezuela. He has won enough honors, citations and medals to topple a case of lesser girth. But on his face, and he even wins awards for his hobby — building Mexican toys, second prize in the Commonwealth for a fire-fight-

"Once they stoned the handicapped child. That's past. But there's still a stigma"

ing ship, died poor for a multi-million dollar estate). But some of these official humanitaires had to swear in the doctor as his never-to-be-acknowledged victory over the diagnosis between us at Ottawa on behalf of the people of Victoria.

To understand what he did, and how it's still alive, it is necessary to know something of Gignac, a man famous enough in international judicial circles, but almost unknown in his own country. (A colleague of his told me, "I toured the Scandinavian countries, Turkey, Finland and India, and everywhere I went people wanted to know if I knew Dr. Gignac, and what he was like, then I went to a meeting in Toronto and it seemed nobody had heard of him.")

Propriety, Gignac belongs in the pages of a novel by, say, Thomas Wolfe; he is one of those larger-than-life people of enormous energy, toughness and wit. Even his contradictions are huge. He is a French Canadian, and an Anglophile whose friends in Winston Churchill's war cabinet were some of the ablest administrators who ever tried to bring big gifts for the staff. But he's free-spirited; he is a uncompromising and loving man who can communicate almost instantly with the handicapped children who come under his care, but has no children of his own, and doesn't seem to mind them ("I don't know if I could have got so much done with a family to worry about," he says).

Professor Neil Compton, chairman of the Department of English at Sir George Williams University, and a former Gignac patient (he was treated with paralytic polio in 1955), thinks of the doctor "as so much as a man as an energy, a kind of elemental force."

Gignac was born in Montreal. 51 years ago, the second son of a federal civil servant. He attended collage at Bishop's, Quebec, and dreamed of becoming an actor — he once played the lead in Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, but his parents persuaded him to the medical school at the University of Montreal. Then Dr. Eliege Robillard told me: "He was not a good student. He was restless and critical and could be embarrassing. It was only later, after the army, that he developed the famous sense of responsibility he has today."

"On graduation in 1943, he joined the Medical Corps and was posted to Bawdsey, near England, where he worked with wounded soldiers and developed an enormous admiration for most things English. "I like the way they do things," he told me. "At an international meeting the Latvians all sit the talking, and then the British pass the auction." He still exports his shoes from England, hangs a portrait of Winston Churchill in his office — just as one of Pierre Trudeau, whom he also admires — and some of his close friends expect him to retire to the British Isles. It was in the army and in England that Gignac picked up the sense of order that is perhaps his dominant characteristic. He likes his life planned weeks, months, even years in advance, when he is preparing for an important meeting, he plots every move, when he is about to go before a government or medical tribunal to ask for something, he has a written brief. Colleagues used to tell me "Get out of his office early and raise no possible objection, so that Gignac cannot be caught off guard in the real interview."

At war's end, he returned to Canada, where he hoped to study neurosurgery under Dr. Walter Pendl, but Pendl, because of his work with wounded soldiers, asked him to MI in, temporarily, at the veterans' hospital in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, outside Montreal. That "temporary" job led to his life work in rehabilitation and, immediately, to his marriage to a nurse, the former Renée MacLennan. "She used to work for me," Gignac likes to tell people. "Now I work for her."

Gignac's initial assignments were with groups of transforms — crippled, bent and obese deformed human beings into a useful, functioning and educated member of society. "There was a time when people used to throw stones at a child or braver," he explains. "Now that has past, but there is still a sort of stigma. You not only have to get society to accept the handicapped person, you have to get him to accept himself."

His troubles toward that end are often brutally direct. One day a paraplegic soldier, a former pianist who had been crippled in an explosion and later impaled into a depressed, near-terminal state, was brought to Gignac. "What do you want to do?" he asked the doctor.

"Oh, I don't know," the man re-

plied. "I haven't really thought about it. Perhaps I could become a notary."

"Right," said Gignac, "let's get up the money, and get some banking certificates. Before he knew what happened, the soldier freed himself, crawled on the McGill Law School, with team of veterans laid on to take him to and from every class. Today, he is a notary in Montreal.

In 1949 the Rotary Club asked Gignac to found what has become the Rehabilitation Institute of Montreal, which opened in the converted premises of an ancient hotel, with a staff of three and Gignac as a part-time consultant. Later, the institute moved to one floor of an office building in downtown Montreal, with Gignac as full-time director. One day, there was an electrical breakdown in the building, and he wondered how far necessary, Mrs. Helen Lippay, a charming and cheerfully efficient woman who had been his first civilian patient, would go to work. Mrs. Lippay's legs were paralyzed in an accident and she couldn't normally walk up the five flights to the office. Nevertheless, she arrived on time, as Gignac maintained to a colleague. But he never stopped to find out just how she had done it. "I never asked her," he told the colleague. "It was her job to be on time, and she was."

Working long hours in cramped quarters with outdated equipment, Gignac's reputation began to make such a mark in rehabilitation that, in 1953, the United Nations asked him to organize a centre in Venezuela, the first of a series of international advisory missions that have now made a score of nations around the world.

Venezuela, however, failed to provide the government to set up a modern, well-equipped centre complete with a school — named after Gignac — so instead traced him Leo Dallin, administrator-director of the Rehabilitation Institute since 1951, who Gignac could get money for other people in other countries while his own province wouldn't give him a dime.

At first time, the Montreal Institute was so strapped for funds that when it started and had to move to larger quarters, the best it could afford was the barren basement of a condemned hospital.

Gignac's reputation as an organizer and educator continued to grow and white, in 1959, study 30,000 Montréal



can became paralyzed after eating food cooked in adulterated oil, he was summoned by the Red Cross to head an 11-nation rescue mission. "Watching her work was like watching a concert," says one doctor who was with her in Morocco. "All you could see was a fairy trail."

Gignac returned to Montreal to oversee himself a still another project — providing new quarters for the Rehabilitation Institute. A new site had been obtained in northwest Montreal in 1958 and new building was begun, on credit and credit. Work on the \$2.5-million centre was stopped several times when funds ran out and contributions quit, but in 1962 the money was raised and the doors opened on a 102-bed rehabilitation hospital, one of the last-equipment in North America. Gignac took Quebec Premier Jean Lesage on a tour of the building, and Lesage noted the star rating was a brilliant

Liberal red. "Good thinking," he said, pausing the touring.

"Yes," Gignac replied smoothly. "And we have a blue set to arrange just in case."

The institute opened just in time

for the Thalidomide tragedy, which saw nearly 100 Canadian babies born with limb-like limbs. Montreal became responsible for 34 Thalidomide babies in Quebec and the Maritimes and, under the direction of Dr. Maurice Mongeon, the institute's chief of physical medicine, the long, complex, often heart-breaking job of coping with both parents and children was begun. The parents had to be persuaded to keep their children in many cases, some parents saw their offspring as monsters or helpless cripples who could only be shut up in institutions. "If every child should be a home," said Gignac, "why not a Thalidomide child?"

continued

Would Canada aid Vietnam children? No, said Ottawa. Yes, said Gingras. He won

With three exceptions, who were placed in foster homes, the brain-damaged babies remained with their parents and came to the centre as outpatients. They were, and are, treated as normally as possible. When they started school last fall, each Thalidomide child was taken to the front of the class by a nurse or caretaker, his shirt removed, the skinless hands displayed, and the automatic device that opens his artificial limbs explained. The children have become short celebrities in their schools.

"You have to be absolutely honest about such things," says Gingras. "These children may live 70 or 80 years, you cannot hide them away, they cannot hide themselves, so you bring everything out into the open and some of your problems disappear."

Among the decisions put to work for the Thalidomide victims was an artificial arm developed in Russia. Gingras head of the arm — more comfortable and flexible than current models — though a colleague, and flew to Moscow to bargain for the present rights. He bought them for \$10,000, got the money from the Quebec government, and the Northern Electric Company offered to make improvements that have given Canada one of the most efficient artificial limbs in the world.

In 1965, while work on that was well under way, Gingras got a call from Ottawa. Canada had been asked to accept a rehabilitation project by South Vietnamese word processors, as the job of course he would. On September 28, 1965, he flew to Hanoi and when he found their suffering and sagged line, "I saw words and words of children with an arm gone, a leg gone, terrible, terrible scars across the face from burns . . . I saw hundreds of children and I don't remember seeing one of them smile."

He buried himself in his task, located a building, obtained government clearance, checked supplies. To save time, he dictated notes and orders as he walked and worked each day, mailed the tapes home every night and the Montreal staff began the strenuous organization job long before he left Vietnam. He arrived back to Canada in October 1965, drew up a detailed report, complete to such items as an insurance scheme for volunteer workers, then flew to Ottawa to deliver the report in person. The govern-

ment official he had an appointment with was too busy to see him; an usher told him nothing except, "Don't talk to the press," and received the report. Gingras returned to Montreal and began rounding up volunteers while he awaited government approval of the project.

It never came. The Vietnamese government, apparently fearful of the propaganda fallout from a children's centre with inevitable photos of war-mutilated babies, began to stall. The Canadian government refused to pass a resolution, or even to ask why Sigma had named itself to the project. Gingras' phone calls and letters were unanswered while word spread rapidly and even a press conference at External Affairs Minister Paul Martin brought no action. Finally, the U.S. and Sweden, of excellent rehabilitation schemes in Vietnam, Canada did not.

On December 16, 1966, 14 months after Gingras had reached home with his report, Martin told reporters in Paris that the project was off. The reason finally passed to Gingras by a close friend was that Canada and Vietnam could not agree on who should pay for such facilities as dormitory for the centre. "My God," snorted Gingras, "there is a house on fire and a man is trying to get his kids out and up comes the minister and says, 'Hey, you owe me for last Tuesday!'"

In the House of Commons, Martin said there was no question of the centre being discontinued, but Gingras refused to accept the verdict. "This meant I had failed," he told me. "I am not accustomed to fail."

He decided to ignore the only firm word he had ever received from the government — "Don't talk to the press" — and began to tell friends, colleagues and newsmen what had happened. Soon, the federal government was under heavy fire in Toronto, however, formed a citizens' committee, in Ottawa, the External Affairs office was bombarded with letters and phone calls; in Montreal, Gingras received offers for more medical volunteers than he could use.

The government accommodated. The rehabilitation project, a closed subject in January 1967, became an open one in April. An External Air official flew to Sigma, diplomatic pressure, public bait instant, was brought to bear; a six-man team headed by no-other Montreal doctor, Michel Dupont,

was dispatched to draw up a new report. Sigma eventually agreed to accept a rehabilitation centre for people of all ages and, to avoid any squabbles about who should pay for what, Canada agreed to build a franc scratch at Quebec, 250 miles north of Sigma.

That centre, a \$12-million structure capable of treating 30 bed patients and 100 out-patients, was due to open last December, but we are yet one more delay of several weeks because equipment for making artificial limbs was unsuccessfully imported on a Site Finance dock and had to be air-freighted, later, to Vietnam. The official opening is scheduled for May. Meanwhile, a team of Canadian volunteers in treatment was-and damage-repaired Vietnamese Gingras, who as project director will run the centre from Canada, is satisfied.

As part of the program 20 Vietnamese, including 15 girls between the ages of 18 and 35, have been brought to Canada to study rehabilitation at the Montreal Institute. The girls, poor and pretty, work all day, assist evenings and many weekends, trying to earn a three-year course in physiotherapy into 12 months. "We have to work hard," says Dang Trang, 26, who used to translate training films for the U.S. Army. "Too many people here dance too much for us to let them down."

Gingras has gone on to other projects, resurrecting the Quebec College of Physiotherapy and Starting a training centre in Melbourne, Australia, and the West Indies, placing an expansion of the Montreal Institute and hired his erstwhile functionaries as director, teacher and physician.

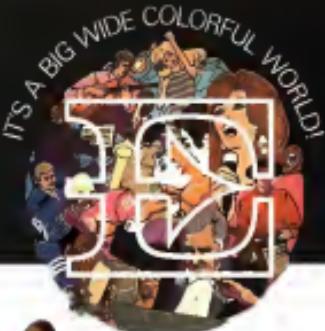
Despite that busy and successful round, even Gingras becomes disengaged from time to time. Once, sitting in the den of his comfortable Mount Royal home, he told me, "I used to be a pretty good physician, but now I'm just a con man." He was referring to his work as a spokesman and publicist for rehabilitation, which plays havoc with his medical career, but this rare self-deprecating is wide of the mark. As the recognition he once wanted to be, he could certainly have made more money — he drives \$20,000 annually from the trustee, plus free from other sources as a consultant — but few doctors have done as much with their hands as Gingras has done with his brain and his tongue.

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HOW TO STEER CLEAR OF PROFESSOR FOSSILHEAD

Year two at Studiot Power has left a new name engraved over the names of many Canadian universities. It reads "Creme Puffhead" — let the students know that your professor's understandings are no longer cherished, or whatever the paternalistic knowledge factory sees fit to hand out. If Professor Fossilhead is a money-minded bore who has never had lecture notes at 10% they argue, then students thinking of enrolling in his course should know as much.

The chief weapons of academic consumer protection are the course evaluation guides, sometimes called anti-syllabuses or counter calendars, now published by student councils on about one third of Canada's campuses. Based on questionnaires filled in by the professor's students, the anti-syllabuses give an undergraduate assessment of the quality of various courses and, sometimes, the abilities of the people teaching them.

Probably the most useful anti-syllabus is issued by Maclean's Anti-Scam Council. It's available for a reasonable price (about \$1.50) and makes hard-hitting comments about particular teachers. Students see Professor Doleck as a diagnostic and willing to praise only those class mates to his own. Last year was another record year for the anti-syllabus.

Appropriately, the most recent guide is the "Anti-Syllabus" issued by students at the University of British Columbia. It prints really on being "intolerant and hence not sociable". Professor William Fawcett of UBC's English Department gives the grade of "mostly" unimportant, while students give him a "mostly" failing grade.

Check out the anti-syllabus only. Not only does it give you a chance to have a laugh, it gives you a chance of course. At present most arts and science courses are compulsory but more enlightened universities are beginning to experiment giving voluntary students more freedom to choose subjects.

This trend will likely do more to change the structure of our universities than any number of student-power struggles. The issue is to increase the community-collegiate atmosphere where students flock to this or that professor just as an basis of the excellence of his teaching. In the long run, however, one does well probably rule professors like Prof. Fossilead Gadsby, whose restaurants — three stars for Prof. Hachas — are for Professor Fossilheads and symbolic spearheads during academic sessions.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN

MEDICINE

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Legal abortion: what we can learn from the state that has tried it

SINCE IT LEGALIZED abortion more than a year ago, the State of Colorado has been the safest place to Canada: a woman could go for a legal therapeutic abortion. Colorado has not been as "abortion crazy" but of 234 abortions performed during the first nine months of the new law, about a third involved nonresidents, including a neighbor from Canada.

A liberalized abortion law is on the program of the current parliament and, says Denver psychiatrist H. G. Whittington, "Canada could profit by our experience."

Dr. Whittington is Director of Psychiatric Services at Denver General Hospital, where most of the therapeutic abortions in the state are performed. He also serves on his hospital's three-man "abortion review board," which has its counterpart in every other hospital in the state.

The Colorado laws allow abortions on three grounds: danger to the mother's physical or mental health, potential damage to the newborn infant, and rape or incest.

To date, for every 100 women aborted, the following reasons have been assigned: prepubescence, TB, fetal damage, 15, rape and incest, 11, and physical damage to the mother, four. The largest number of applications have been received from the unmarried, followed by the separated, divorced and widowed. The testifying member were 114 by married women. Chances of obtaining access are about four in 10. Dr. Whittington says, "The way it's been working, the board is most sympathetic to the very young, unmarried girl, least responsive to the married woman."

A 12-year-old physically precocious girl was shocked, denied by the panel of committee representatives, then accepted, though her parents' attitude to her pregnancy was confirmation and rejection. "Since her abortion, she has returned to school, where she's doing better than ever," in her studies," says Dr. Whittington. "She's also keeping out of trouble."

A 19-year-old single girl with a good several-year job provides a sobering example. She fell in love with a married man and had a deeply satisfying affair. "They were both married

and being free to enjoy life, unencumbered by anything, especially children," says Dr. Whittington.

After the secretary became pregnant, the man began drove around so he could marry her at some future time. But the board did not feel she qualified for an abortion under the terms of the law. "Her attitude was based on her feeling that she had a right to be free and, therefore, to have an abortion. She had a relatively healthy personality. We were not sure that it was in her best interest, psychologically or otherwise, to terminate her pregnancy," explains Dr. Whittington. Such a woman, according to the board, doesn't rate the same consideration as an "unemancipated teenage," often sexually ignorant and subject to pressure from her boyfriend.

Abortions have been freely granted by the review boards to women who have had German measles. The chances of their giving birth to a defective child are one in three.

Dr. Whittington makes these points:

□ Support for legal abortion is not a political liability. The assemblyman who sponsored Colorado's abortion law was recently re-elected by a hand-sweep majority.

□ There are no women members on any of the state's 21 abortion review boards. Dr. Whittington calls this "ideological." It may explain why so few earned approvals are granted on abortion; he feels All-state boards don't appreciate the situation of the married woman's dilemma, he says.

□ Abortion should be removed from the criminal law and be regarded as a matter of convenience between the patient and the doctor.

□ Abortion applicants should be allowed to appear in person and with counsel before the board and present witnesses if necessary. Requested applicants should have the right to appeal to a higher body.

□ There is a need to develop a "pan-euthanasia consensus" on when a pregnancy constitutes a serious mental burthen to the mother.

□ From being shamed, the abortion laws are not being used enough, especially among the lower-income groups, who seem to be unaware of them. □

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RED WHITE and BLUE

ANNIVERSARY 1965? That was the year when sturdy white Peter Pan collars were introduced as an accessory with the spring outfit — a classic carry-over. The combination of red, white and blue still will in but it's been transformed by Pop and Op Art fancies. Those two colors made red, white and blue not just a flag, but living, vibrant colors once again. Both Op and Pop Art had their wild, kooky influence on fashion design a few years ago. That madness has faded away, and what is left are the flag colors appearing in every designer collection. If the lookiness has gone, so has the madly use of primary colors. Most of the other popular colors are dove gray, champagne and ice-cream tones. That's feminine and free, but 1965's frenetic introduction of the iconic over pants is even more important for spring than it was last fall. The look tends to look well put-together and there's no more straightforward way of getting it across or making it up than in good-old red, white and blue.

PAT MCDONALD's designs for The Re-Establishment, left, have been a hit not only in Canada but in New York as well. Her red gallorette pants \$160, trousers \$124, scarf \$8, shorts \$50; white-trim dress \$125, pants \$120, necklace \$113, shorts \$38; blue saddleback \$142, striped vest and pants \$142, necklace \$11. CHRISTOPHER RYAN designs for his own boutique in Vancouver. He specializes in simple lines and impeccable finishing. Trousers like right, \$210.

Accessories from Pendleton John and short from VW of Victoria





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trousers \$200. Above, a red
very shiny vinyl jacket by
Stern and Frederick for The Factory,
\$25. This white-Panama
look promises to be very big
for spring. Right, a white
knitted brocade pant suit by
Meredith Designs, \$100. Red
from Pringle of Scotland, £13.50.
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CAMPBELL from page 15

Campbell We contributed to some damage with the consistency with which we developed our players. In the early days, we pretty well dictated the whole auto eval system, which provided the owners with the greatest percentage of money, assembled the team. Fortunately, the formula for developing players can't be matched. But the auto system had inherent imperfections in it that had to be eliminated with experience.

The old timers had such a good eye on player development, they knew the different types of Canadian. The expansion teams couldn't live and breathe because there would be no place for them to carry up their own player-development options.

Macleish They had nowhere to get their raw talent?

Campbell That's right. The expansion was that young good player players became extremely competitive in the point that it was becoming the equivalent of an auction sale. You are our problem? The parents were going on problems because they wanted, above all, to get good contracts for their kids.

Macleish But even after a player matures, the league still discriminates his kid. He cannot, for instance, change teams by his own decisions by playing out on option, as in football.

Campbell We've exactly the same attitude. We don't discriminate any auto arrangement. If I have a kid who is a player and成熟 substantial man in law, you can hardly expect that club to say, "Well, I'm sorry that you don't like us any more, now you're on your way." All that would happen would be that the rich team would just rather be around the kid and continue to exploit. That option cannot be exercised on that basis.

Macleish Now the establishment has a new problem with the coming of an autoEstablishment expansion — with Al Eastman and company. Biggs has that off-the-wall, off-the-wall idea, I suppose. Campbell Through the years, we've had a good relationship with the players as one could hope for. The coming of Mr. Eastman is part of a universal pattern not particular to hockey, and I don't believe he has been given free rein to do whatever he wants. He has had trouble getting recognition as a big-league agent or member of economic interest. But I don't think he'll ever have some representation or an association negotiating individual contracts.

Mackenzie That could not be so in the form of an agent representing a player or the bargaining?

Campbell You, I'm 100 percent for it. It's no problem with me. Anybody who comes into my contact is entitled to whatever advice he wishes to have.

Mackenzie I'm talking of course, of course and so on, as far as the hockey player may much more a gray-flannel suit.

Campbell That's right, and it's a good image for him.

Macleish But how does this affect his locker?

Campbell Well, the more senior players

would feel their careers. Now, with the bigger salaries and the pensions, they'd even more incentive of it.

Mackenzie Just that danger for break-in as a sport?

Campbell Sure. If we provide a good a place to live, we can't make his go all out. All you have to do is watch him on the Stanley Cup and you see real nice one in control himself.

Macleish If a player goes into sport

kind of showboating conduct, he's going to break out. You are the public, but is there a supreme court over players?

Campbell Only if it's repeat on suspensions and fines over \$500. If a player chooses, he can appeal that to the Board of Disciplinary.

Mackenzie So they?

Campbell In 23 years, there has only been one that I remember — Ted Lindsay of the Detroit Red Wings. I suspended him for 30 days. The club appealed but the Board of Governors upheld my decision.

Mackenzie If the NHL really wants to stop players fighting on the ice, why doesn't it put heavier penalties on any one who gets into a fight?

Campbell Our philosophy toward fighting is that if fighters reach the point where they're going to hit each other and give without some sort of assault, let them know that they should drop their sticks and fight. It works as a safety valve.

Macleish Could fighting be stopped altogether if you wanted to stop it?

Campbell Sure, no doubt about that. We could put down a rule that calls for immediate suspension from the game. But if we were to remove the safety valve, the players would no doubt develop a more violent form of violence.

Mackenzie What do you mean by violent? Violence that's aimed at spectators, which are ultimately much more dangerous and resulting than fighting.

Macleish Now that the NHL has two Canadian board members and US-based sports people like the expansion team owner and Canadian in the US hockey agreements, is there any way to offset the US dominance?

Campbell No. Basically, looking in one place of the entertainment world, it's a business. And to stay in business, you play your cards right so that will keep you in business. The difficulty is that there are no places or Canada outside Toronto and Montreal that have the consumer spending to support an NHL organization.

Mackenzie Vancouver?

Campbell Vancouver is a stand-out of course, spending Vancouver is only half as big as the smallest city in the league.

Mackenzie When will this change enough to support a team?

Campbell My recollection of the proposals made in 1984 indicates it would take at least four years to get to the point and give without some sort of assault, let them know that they should drop their sticks and fight. It works as a safety valve.

Macleish Could fighting be stopped altogether if you wanted to stop it?

Campbell Sure, no doubt about that. We could put down a rule that calls for immediate suspension from the game.

But if we were to remove the safety valve, the players would develop a more violent form of violence. The violence that's aimed at spectators, which are ultimately much more dangerous and resulting than fighting.

Mackenzie What do you mean by violent?

Campbell I don't think hockey can break into prime time U.S. television. I don't think the big payoff in television is likely to come fast. We'd need to play in the off-season, but I don't think that would be better if we played later in the off-season. And here we have to remember that we have a three-hour time difference from coast to coast.

Mackenzie Is it not possible for hockey to succeed in prime time U.S. television?

Campbell Up to now, no. We can't say after sport. Sport is survival at prime time. I suppose the World Series might do it, but even that is questionable. Revenue will have a better chance, a broader draw, and obviously the audience is wider and more diverse.

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Mackenzie Could fighting be stopped altogether if you wanted to stop it?

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WHAT A SELECTION!

MAILBAG from page 18

It is certain to please more people Power in the Soviet Union. Keep up the good work
CHARLES H. MILLARD, KIRKLAND, OREG.

• I agree with you that our younger generation presents a challenge to our society. The young man will never accept broken rules, regulations or traditions. They shall overcome because they are better informed and wiser on the ways of the world than their forefathers were. — W.

SURE, CORA GATE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

The Kippay case

Your Report article, Why the Three West End Boys' Julie Kippay, One Of Seven, Is Being Held, gave great recognition to Chief the King, parish, Regina, and to their wonderful teacher, auxiliary parish priest, Father Emmett Mooney. Despite the fact that he has never had an annual and now can't for more than 10 years, Father Mooney has been visiting them here to visit all their houses, and he makes it his business to know everyone by their first names. Why should this parish be forced to continue employing someone who proved to be unsatisfactory?

• A REMARKABLE JOB WELL DONE

• I commended you for your bold article. I regret that we were not informed by a local paper. This simply appeals to the vital need for conscientious news sources like yourselves. It also points to the helplessness of the ordinary citizen when pitted against the authority and power no nation can do a favor for by its singular negligence. — R. WRIGHT, CALGARY

Tremblant's trailblazer

The very excellent article by Jack Berlin on Mon Tremblant, Take To The Hills with The St. Sis signifies the remarkable development of its trails on the mountain. Mr. Marcelle Ernest is a great skier and a great mountaineer, and he has single-handedly worked to do with the development of the ski trails. The trails, as well as the whole area expansion at Tremblant, are part of a program developed by the owners, among whom Prince André Beauharnois and Vice-Premier Roger Beaudoin have told Tremblant since their youth.

ROBERT JOHNSTON, MONTREAL

Jack Berlin replies: With the permission referred to in your article, I add a few additional facts: they are presently building more, and it has been at my suggestion, Caldecott who has been personally responsible for designing and laying out the new trails."

A good man, Gervais!

Tom Gould's article on W. A. C. Bennett was as bad taste (The Up And Downs Of The Prime Minister Of (Protest) The Republic Of Canada). He is a great person, and I prefer to set a good example, he neither drinks nor smokes.

E. TAYLOR, VANCOUVER, B.C.



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76 MELROSE JUNE 1985

WHO'S THE RICHEST PERFORMER IN CANADIAN SPORT?



"I want to live comfortably," says Hervé Filion, spokesman of the area. "I think it'd make us more years like I've had since '83 to be a millionaire. I'm working as it is today." Which is a magnificent understatement.

Filion, 28, entered a year and day to become a father about now, has a wife, a four-year-old son, and a place in the upcoming harness racing business. Last year he set out to better the North American record of 142 wins. He whizzed around 16 major tracks in the northeast corner of the continent throughout the year-long February-to-Christmas season, often driving at one in the afternoons and at another in the evenings. Once he finished racing at Caithlyn, Pennsylvania, at 4 p.m. and started again at 8 p.m.—360 miles away in Boston. By early November he was the new North American champion. By Christmas he was the new world champion, having driven home 167 wins, topping the previous record of 154. In total he won more than \$900,000 in purses money.

A third of that — \$300,000 — was for himself, since he went it with horses he either partly or wholly owns. Of the remaining \$600,000 was for other owners. He took 10 percent in driver's fees. Result: gross earnings

for himself, since he went it with horses he either partly or wholly owns. Of the remaining \$600,000 was for other owners. He took 10 percent in driver's fees. Result: gross earnings

**IT'S
HERVÉ
FILION**

**(Hervé
WHO?)**

A hard-driving harness racer from Angers, Quebec, tops the big-money scorers with \$360,000 a year. On the following pages: How Filion stacks up against other stars — and how they score with their winnings

which means Hervé Filion will probably have to make a million just a half-decent racehorse costs around \$50,000 today.

How the superstars score in the league of Big Money



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DAN LACOMBE \$90,000



Jean Beliveau: from fame on the ice to a brewery's boardroom!

Breweries certain have a sports star, and he's a "sales and public relations representative" and boasts him off to tout — to open project parties, page beauty contests, visit stores and taverns and earn big pay by being big and grinning and greenhorn and able to sign autographs.

Seventeen years ago, when he was en route up from the Quebec Atom to the Montreal Canadiens, Jean Beliveau was signed up for \$10,000 by Molson's. He returned from his first glamour-boy tour and started brewery officials by suggesting how they could improve their organization and sales in several regions.

He was right, too. Today he is special assistant to the president at \$75,000 a year, and Molson Vice-President Zoltan Leperszky says, "He is a valuable asset, and we can't afford to let him go. We'll only be pleased if he stays with our Quebec division. He knows his brewing business almost as well as he knows his hockey. He is friendly, thoughtful, his human relations are warm and admirable, he has great humility, his image is lowering — well, he's not of this world, sir."

Soon after joining Molson's, Beliveau also joined the Canadiens, who now pay him \$30,000 a year. After a few years on the off-season promotional circuit, Molson's gave him their Quebec City distribution operations to run. He increased their share of the local market by five percent.

Now, as special presidential assistant, he once chooses his own off-season projects. Last year, for instance, he produced a survey of manpower and wages for the brewery, evaluated the organization's publications and sales programs and among other things (and a little close to home) assessed the value of NHL hockey TV sponsorship to the company.

He is, says Leperszky, "something special."

Since Beliveau, now 37, may be faced with the sort of dilemma that too many professional athletes can only dream about. He may have to decide whether to become a hockey coach, or a brewery executive with an earning potential of \$80,000 a year.

Either way, they won't need to run dugouts for Jean Beliveau.

Richard Grubb: a jockey comes strong in the Toronto Property Stakes

RICHARD GRUBB is 19, shaggy, not long on formal education and a jockey so talented that the more lyrical sports writers say he looks complete only when on horseback.

He is also scared — especially even — by his estimated \$110,000 income last year.

"I don't get all my statements of income but I don't want to tell them up," he says. "I know it's over \$100,000 last year, but I'm afraid to add up how much it makes me." Which is understandable in someone who only six years ago was a track worker, hanging around the Fort Erie track near his home in Brudenell, Ontario. Success, when it comes to a jockey, comes early, and with surprising speed.

Grubb was Canada's top jockey with 223 wins in 1987. Last year he didn't have an easy win, but 24 of those did have wins in stakes races with purses of more than \$10,000 each — of which jockeys collect 10 percent.

In 1987 Grubb's lawyer guided him into legal marriage. "D'you know," says Grubb in wonderment, "you can get as much as 14 percent on some of these?" By mid-1987 he had incor-

porated in four Toronto houses, was renovating in a Jerome place to pay him \$250,000 a year.

But mortgages poison policies — even glib-edged stocks — aren't really substantial. They don't feel like men in their suits. Grubb's renovation cost \$80,000, though, so he bought a duplex on Avenue Road in Toronto for \$60,000 and became a landlord. "A good solid building, that," he says, with satisfaction.

It's hard to calculate a jockey's net income. They pay 20 percent to agents who book mounts for them. They are expected to shell out generously to many track personnel — for instance, when they ride a big winner it is discovered that they reward the stable hands who prepared the winner and the valets who handled their equipment and clothes between races.

Still a little besieged by it all, Grubb says, "Income taxes, for instance — that and the firms really stagger you. The other day I got a cheque from Wimbley [J. P. Taylor's racing stable] for \$4,000. I pay my agent and look after the valets and the backroom boys, and I hope I've got there. G'day."

"It's a hard life."



**John Barrow: football,
bowling, steakhouses...**

For reasons of publicity, player politics and (presumably) the mercantile man, John Barrow is guarded when talking safety.

A Hamilton Tiger Cats tackle for the past 12 years, he reportedly makes about \$22,000 a season. He won't discuss his pay, however, because "it's a lot more than other players get, and that could cause trouble on the team."

The 1991 tax year has income from outside business activities, either

And he won't reveal his financial ambitions ("That would be bad taste") beyond saying that by 35, in two years, he wants to be "financially independent" with "something over \$30,000 a year." That is, \$30,000 excluding football pay. He already owns, or partly owns, three businesses and of the newest, a steakhouse, is successful; he may quit football this year.

When 13 he became co-owner of a now-disbanded 24-hour five-pin bowling alley. Four years ago he set up his own newspaper which, though young in the business of sales promotion, generates, as a potential million-dollar business, producing promotional tools and pleasure carts and generators — the kind you get with the kids' favorite Super-Duper-Nutty-Sugar-Crunchy Marsh breakfast cereal.

The new venture is a Hamble steakhouse. Says Barrow: "I wanted an idea that would capitalize on my 12 years in football. We did two years' research and found the specialty-food business could produce a 20 percent return, but the problem was getting to be known. Well, we call it John Barrow's Steakhouse, and I'm known as I should be all right."

"It will be a pilot for a chain throughout southern Ontario. The sign is an instant trademark of a football bistro. In the lobby there are sporting emblems. In the restaurant itself are paintings of great emotional moments in sport to give the dining area a sports flavor at a very high level.

"It's extremely hard to find the right emotional moments. It took me two months to get the first. It is a painting of Babe Ruth two months before his death, standing, in his old uniform, at a reunion at the Yankee Stadium. It is quite a lovely thing."

To stay in Canada — and in business — Pinelands-born Barron has turned down big money offers from the U.S., including a \$40,000 two-year no-cut contract from the Detroit Lions and, more recently, a three-year, no-cut \$100,000 from the San Diego Chargers.

But then \$10,000 a year would make any expatriate feel at home. □



6 CITIES WITH THE STAR IN THEIR EYES

BY ALAN EDMOND

ONE OF THE MANY things we lose by not living in a city, as most of us do nowadays, is the sky. It isn't that it's ever empty; it's the sheerlessness of it. The sky is the room and the other great picture. It's people who live in the country and don't see the sky properly rarely understand the stars that dance in the heavens. In themselves they are small, but by thought of Earthly Misery we are too accustomed to fact that fact and those who die so stupendously usually come with the opposite gender and with a flavor in speech.

But it seems that most Spanish
and artificial heavens more appear
at least more manageable.
In the couple of years Canada has gone on
showing pianists
and other public pianists
(in Edmonton) — 1964, there are
not scattered across the country, in Mon-
real, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver,
Calgary, as well as Edmonton.
These are all major pianists and
either the product of Canadian institu-
tions, or from abroad, and
such as to name: Kenneth K. S. McRae
is and the Dow Library in Montreal.

in 1913 by the Carl Zeiss company in Germany.

This contradiction — that people pay to see the lesions proceed at the painter's art but will rarely go up to see the real thing — pains many of the people who run places like these. They tend to be preoccupied about the "moral" aspects of their business. Most of them are, after all, decent individuals who prefer reality.

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Only a short time ago May Star was sleeping with cold - freezing stars. She had been abandoned, left during the night on the front porch of our First Hill Balmoral House, in Hong Kong.

Why? We may never know. Hong Kong is full of desperate people—males and females, old and young, disabled and healthy, fatherless or with stepfathers, abdicated or with relatives or all.

We do know that little May Star was found by a Christian woman who packed her up and took her inside. May Star had a bath and a warm meal. Dressed on a dress rug she lay in a child's bed in a clean, comfortable crib.

May Star will stay at First Hill in new babies' home, built last year.

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than the real thing because we can show things happening. We move and planes move, the look of the world or the end of it. There's nothing we cannot project onto that screen. The sky stuff is small, but it is just the favorite."

Since it is such a fundamental piece of equipment, the projector is very important and is a key factor in a theater for dollars and pennies between East and West Germany.

The East plant in West Berlin Germany. Many Swiss engineers and management officials settled in West Germany and set up shop at Oberhausen using the facilities there. Initially, the German owners resisted the dollar value of the Zeiss name and requested the lens glass. While the East Germans refused the basic instrument designed in 1913, the West Germans revamped the equipment. Their crews traveled to either the Oberhausen Works or the company's office at \$20,000. The East German projector costs \$150,000, which largely explains why three of Canada's new planetariums — Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver — are equipped with the East German instruments.

The newest planetarium in the States, at Rochester, has a March Six. I went down there to see what they start like, and we here in Tasmania have not a far more sky," says Tidmarsh of the Melbourne Planetarium.

However since the sky is a stock item, it is not necessary for them to make 12 "shows" a year. Typically, his year's program at the Dove Planetarium in Monroe includes:

"Great Rivers Like the Sky" — the continuation of the winter sky in Canada; "How Do We Know?" — the story of how science has developed; "The Sun and the Sea: The Sun Stand Still" — how Copernicus decided the sun stood still and the earth moved, instead of the other way around; "The Best Of This World" — a discussion of the ways the earth should cease to support life; "And To The Ends of the Earth" — a consideration of the nature and use of the universe.

The planetarium probably has only one show in common — a Christmas program called "The Star of Bethlehem." It illustrates the theory that the Star of Bethlehem was just another comet.

During the 1970s, as most of the earth passes Saturn about every 30 years, approximately every 30 years there is a triple conjunction — an astronomical conjunction of the four outer planets of the solar system. Jupiter having passed Saturn, then appears to move backwards, moving away from the sun, and the stop at just before each one goes into opposition and passing Saturn for the third time.

Such a triple conjunction took place in the year 7 B.C. A planet, an solar system, and the planet Mars were used to form a triangle with Jupiter and Saturn at the apex there, which is difficult to believe.

It's a fascinating and persuasive explanation of the Star of Bethlehem. No one believes it really existed, but some thing must have been happening in the historical sheet that time. And took those people hidden lost sight of the stars. □

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

MARCH 1989 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 3

BOOKS



Eldridge Cleaver: the fervent thawing of a soul on ice

IN THE VALUE SYSTEM of the greatest generation, Eldridge Cleaver has a lot going for him. He is black and revolutionary. He is on the run from the police. He was a youthful celebrant of "grit" and it is a returned repeat who so far has spent half his adult life in California jails. A man who has so conspicuously paid his dues can be forgiven for a few sins.

The consciousness of heroic standing with the New Left is a life message. The middle-class world associates Cleaver with crime, extremism, rowdy dissent. It seems safe only in the context of his Black Panthers, their leather jackets and their guns.

Clawson challenges both these stereotypes with a book of essays, *Lead on for*, currently climbing the U.S. best-seller lists. The title suggests at once the black prisoner, frozen out of life for years in a maximum cell, and the black culture, withdrawn from contact from its place in history.

Clesner, at 34, has an immense past. In the ghetto he practised rape as "an asceticistic act." This contributed to a breakdown in Folsom Prison when "I started to walk. To save myself." He experienced a shock

of self-knowledge which a good teacher lent him for keeping a papa of a white girl in his cell and, years later, developed a general theory of sexual pathology in the American sex-critic. He was unsuccessfully an atheist, a Materialist, a follower of Melville, & Fanny, he was his own—an unclassifiable black revolutionary, a vigorous and talented cultural critic, a singularly impudent student of D. H. Lawrence, and a poet. The Soul do, for essays, & written in prison, have fresh perception and low-level candor, lucidity and style, a healthy touch of humor.

From Clevenger's "front" viewpoint the black revolution is not just burning plazas and battles with cops, it is also an unseen force in the dance-halls and the pay-sangs and at the megadeal of sharpening lights. And his view of the status tennesses between the races — the uncharmed co-exist-and-fight somewhere between Negro and Friend — would appear to be more real if it were directly related to his experiences in the pay-sang, bananafest, conversations with authorities ("I don't want nothing black but a Cadillac," said one), sessions with a psychiatrist who wouldn't even discuss racial attitudes.

Cheever defines an American racial caste system. The function of the caste system, performed by white man (Overprivileged Administrators) and the functionaries of the body by black man (Supervision, Minnich). Having subjugated the body, the Administration becomes effete, yet still needs to appear masculine, so he demands from his women an image that is Ultramale. She manages that by disengaging her domestic functions to the black woman, who becomes the emblem of America. Because the Ultrahousewife personifies society's official standard of beauty, the racial caste develops an "obsessive yearning and need" for sexual contact with her. For her part, the Ultrahousewife, who is plagued by fears of frigidity, sees in the Medial her true "psychic bridegroom."

The school's social designation ruling, he argues, gave the black Morris and Amazons the impetus to create a brand of their own. The arrival of Elvis Presley and the Twist influenced the Administration and the students themselves to take body posture: "The whites have had to learn in the blacks for a lesson on how to swing with the Body, while the blacks have had to turn to the whites for the secret of the Mind. It was Chubby Checker's mission, bearing the Twist as good news, to teach the whites, whom history had taught to forget, how to shake their bodies again."

In all but his easiest polemic passages, Cleaver is tough, yet good-humored and human. He appears relentless in the revolutionary purpose he declares. Yet he abandoned the cause of the Black Panthers. He speaks generously of the new temper of white American youth. There is hope in that. Hope, too, in the quality of this work.

How to Win at Home by George Rauch (McGraw-Hill hardcover, \$3.95; Random House paperback, \$1.95).

MOVIES

Cops-and-robbers as folk art: is it unfair to look too close?

... doesn't surprise anyone involved in making *Bustit* ever intended it to improve the frenzy of analysis which usually attends a new Godard or, say, the latest Bergman. Like westerns and romances and comedies, it is a piece of folk art as measured on the paradigm: it is simply and squarely a cop-and-robber movie.

But of all modern folk art, the *soph-and-robbers* movie is the most socially revolting. It is one-dimensional, and because it doesn't question society it reflects it with disastrous fidelity.

Bachelor police Lieutenant Frank Bellotti (James McQueen) is ordered by a politically ambitious architect (Robert Vaughan) to guard an underworld detective about to spill a bomb about The Organization.

Reflection No. 1: At the newspaper's party, McQueen—an eremite—wants to leave the day above, or at least squat from, extracting money and high society.

McQueen's trusty, courageous side is an Indian sergeant. The Mafia detective is called John Ross.

Reflection No. 2: The Italian-American society is working hard to convince us that not all hoodlums have names like Mario Lendrum. They must have made their point around Warner Bros.

Prefectly, the detective is gunned down. And what a gunning! No more the little bangs of capguns; this Mafia killer's shotgun sounds like a bistro's and switches the victim's back against the wall; his gunning red capgunals supply the crackling and turn the stomach.

Reflection No. 3: With the principals of Chicago and Watts and Vietnam brought into the picture, can our living order, we are all comfortably familiar with the quality of violence. Movie violence must now be larger than death.

Somnolent murderer Vaughan, his political ambitions damaged by the detective's death, is angry & becomes appear that he seeks not Justice, but personal aggrandizement. In the high Vietnam Prize resolution, he wears his name like a black hat, and burns goodwill McQueen, even tries to burn his hand.

Reflection No. 4: The cop isn't perfect, but basically he's a good guy. And his politeness (those who want to cross police powers?) are the center of our admiration.

McQueen's girl friend (Jacqueline Bisset), an emancipated new-woman architect (or were such), blunders seductively upon one of the bodies that later, a good, responsible-villeen sees. McQueen is taunted. The girl friend pales, runs away, tells him he is "part of upstairs, death and violence," that she now realizes she doesn't know him, that she doesn't want to know about such ugliness.

Reflection No. 5: The cop is alienated from the world he serves. And we, the public, refuse to acknowledge our society's ruthlessness because if we did we might have to give the cops more power, not less.

McQueen shoves a man, who dies partly before doing so, into the sunken basement to the concertos of Alceste.

McQueen is obviously shaken by his killing.

Reflection No. 6: Cops hate violence in much as we are all supposed to. Bonus satisfaction? Not off Negroes, not, among others, for us.

Bellotti was never interested for this kind of a career. At the level at which it is presented it is the basis of a new crop of an old folk art which began with Marley and includes The Discovers, Madrigal, and Coppage's Ball.

Furthermore, Bellotti has a chose scenario which is probably the best ever made anywhere at any time: McQueen is in Boston pursuing a Chrysler produced through the belly sweatshops streets of San Francisco; it doesn't last ten minutes, but I turned to spend a lifetime on the edge of my seat, heart racing. This sequence is the ultimate justification of director Peter Yates' obsession with the long-focus lens.

But good as it is, Bellotti irresistibly leaves one wondering: Why doesn't anybody make a movie about the real social significance of capital-and-thief police brutality?

ALAN EDMOND

Vivaldi. On his return to Germany he probably profited a fugitive version of a Vivaldi violin concerto. He played this guitar for several years, and it has always been considered, perhaps because of many associations, to be German.

But the American Purists have attacked Bach. For 200 years Bach's music has been copied, strengthened, arranged, plagiarized, sentimentalized, transcribed and abased, and by now there are almost a dozen long-playing versions of these ruined sterilizations.

The latest is a banality called Strangled-On Bach (Clockhouse, February), with twelve tunes interspersed by Robert Moog's electronic synthesizer. Olson Gould had it as the "record of the decade." Three years ago, the Swingle Singers, a freebie pop vocal group, had their way with Bach. Conductors Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy thought they should update delicate keyboard pieces for their 45-piece orchestra and could care less about the dourness. Mozer was at the height of his career in 1952, writing pretty strong lyrics as oppositions for Bach's only rockin' fugues.

With 35,000 long-playing records now available in North America, plagiarism becomes a necessity if record companies keep trying to market only commercially proven material. Some recent examples:

□ *Liszt's Brahms*: Glenn Gould is the perpetrator of this Columbia album featuring Franz Liszt's Romantic Intermezzo, the piano solo of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. All three musicians are digitized.

□ *Carnegie Hall's Jas-Ovitz*: The Germans are trying to renew things by trying publishing the long-suffering original rights. This is a very interesting stage; here lies heavy duty in the copyright treatment accorded to them in a contemporary setting by Carl Geff. Now, Telefunken has just issued two records of the originals un-Ovitzed and purified.

□ *Caruso's Verdi*: From London Records, a rich and spacious stereo version of Verdi here are strung together in shocking fashion and played upstage by orchestra minus singers at the whim of English conductor Compton. For listeners familiar with the libretto, this weirdness does cast high comedy. The most unlikely characters from six operas are yoked into comic and scandalous liaisons.

□ *U.S.A. Overview*: RCA Victor has just issued a transcription of Tchaikovsky's 1875 *Overture*, rewritten to include choral versions of the folk themes that are used and sufficient

Russian church bells, taped recently in Moscow, and then combined on multi-track tape. The bally headlines told several stories: one about a "woman that night probably heard Tchaikovsky's own voice be alive in today's electronic world." Uh-huh.

BLAINE CHIPPERFIELD

All of which leads me to CTV's *Sports Hot Seat*, the only network TV program in Canada that attempts to deal with sports in a level higher than lecture-cum-journalism. Although there is a "sense" that night probably heard Tchaikovsky's own voice be alive in today's electronic world." Uh-huh.

BLAINE CHIPPERFIELD

This past in *Sports Hot Seat* doesn't need time. He is redundant on camera; one of the parcels could easily make the introduction. Grahame Rose is an amateur organizer behind the scenes, and he could start there. Perhaps if he stuck to his desk, he would be able to figure out ways to improve the format. Or let me put it in terms the sports follower too often hears: "It's been real nice watching you, Johnny. And you've got the makings of a real good show. But is there the moment it's real leaders league. So why doesn't you be a real lead coach and stay off the field?"

Douglas Marshall

TELEVISION

Some real good advice to Hot Seat's host: cool it

For a historian in which continuity predominates, as far as the imagination of success, there is something almost exasperatingly oral about television sports. Real. Real. From the drifts left over of a billion air through to the mere formlessness of ready profits advertising on a goal line, the operating will with TV sportsmen is "real."

The nightly sports news on CBLT, the CBC's Toronto outlet, is generally five minutes of fat talk punctuated by beer commercials. But every so often the show makes a futile attempt to become vital by resorting to a dated film-strip interview provided by one of the American networks. The interview generally goes like this:

INTERVIEWER: Hello, Ovitz! You're real nice talking to us.

OVITZ: Well, I'm not exactly a natural. You know, currently the League is holding trials with the players, and I'm not one of them. Now that's a real fat move, and I feel but I'm real proud of it.

PLAYERS: Gee thanks, m., Chuck Well, I had some real bad luck at the start of the year. Some real nice patches kept showing across the plate and I hurt my hearing fingers real bad. Then I guess I got hot, I just like to add. I wouldn't be having half so good, keeping it get real good teamwork going for me. They're a real bunch of guys!

The trouble is that total reliance on the adjective "real" is spreading beyond the sports world. I first began to fear for the future when the English and U.S. astronauts (maggs approved with the Apollo 8 flight) returned from space with the news that, "The Earth looks real beautiful from out there." That apparently exhausted their powers of description.

This was that a few weeks ago when racing driver Graham Hill was in the hot seat. With politeness, a flat lay for description and a modicum of wit, Hill proved to be the most articulate man in the studio. He was extroverting with bad lighting, strobe cameras, angles, a male interruption or two and a goose-neck microphone that wagged under his chin like a metronome. But he not what he had to say well and none through like a participant.

Not that Hill had much trouble negotiating the curves laid out by the panel of three sports journalists. All four questions were equally predictable. There was no attempt to pry just the character and motivation of a man like Hill. It is not enough to ask him if he is a feminist, just how deep it and leave it at that.

The show's rotating guests don't contribute to its smoothness either, ranging to be a Canadian. When golfing Casper Clay about the racial issue they displayed the sensitivity you'd expect from a mob of Georgia rednecks. When confronted by Canada's Very Own Nancy Greene, there was no much flavoring that the hot seat became a love seat.

But the show's last winning factor is its host, Robby Rose, who also heads the network's sports department. Witness him, I realized, not how little Loupdog's Big Al is exaggerated, but how much the show's the discursive is concerned more frequently than helpful. During the show with Bill, Rose broke in with an irrelevant segue showing the dinner opening out and losing a wheel at Silverstein's. How about that, Graham? Bill (GORDON). Hmmm. Hmmm. That's very much. Thanks very much.

Even Rose may day at home seems to be herald each commercial with a fanfare of fibrous promises. "Don't go away sports fans. We'll be right back in a minute or two. There are lots of questions we'll be asking Graham Hill Questions like . . ."

Bubble bubble, bubble. On a show that starts off, well, sorta and has two long breaks in between, such building is incongruously weird. We'd rather hear more from the guest.

A record player you put in your pocket

so recording sales in Canada increased and there handy, pin-recorded cassette tapes that disc records did not do for a serious decline?

A good many people in the record industry think so, and some insiders are predicting that within five or 10 years, discs will no longer dominate the market.

But one new trend, to be initiated in Canada this spring, promises to create a huge new market in discs — in a revolutionary form.

If the pocket disc, a flexible vinyl record the size of a doughnut and scarcely thicker than a sheet of heavy paper, The little discs are so light and compact you could roll 50 of them in your pocket and do whatever they'll do without adding appreciable weight. (You can bend them, walk on them, scribble on them or cut into them and they'll still track.)

Part Two, a firm which expects to be first to market them in Canada, claims the little discs double the playing life of a 45-cent single yet will sell for about 30 cents (compared to 70 cents or more for a 45). Sound reproductions, the makers claim, are virtually as good.

One drawback: you can't play them on an automatic record changer (because a pocket disc's groove starts about where a conventional LP ends). But they play on any manual 33 1/3-speed machine with a standard micro-groove needle — or on a special new pocket-sized combination radio-record player (price about \$40).

CHERRY HILL

RECORDS



Why not get
into plagiarism?
That's where
the money is

Playaway!
Let no one else's work evade your
eyes!

THIS ACCORDING TO TEES LEHRAT, grand
wit and artist, is the basis of musical
success. Record companies have taken
this advice in recent releases.

Plagiarism becomes respectable after
Johannes Sebastian Bach visited Vienna
in the early 1700s and blew his horn
during the concertos of Alceste.

CHECKLISTINGS

RECORDS

Originals—Musical Comedy Some music from an RCA Victor's *Vintage Series*, that sampler starts with a 1909 recording of Blanche Ring singing "I've got Rags on my Fingers," then follows a hollow-sounding choral featuring such famous unknowns as Nellie Bayes, Jack Norworth, Fannie Brice, Charlie King, Beatrice Lillie, Helen Morgan, Nellie Sedak and Ethel Blake. *Finalé*: a 1935 title from *At Home Abroad*, with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. A primitive party.

Woodswall Music by George Harrison could be one of the reasons the Berlin Apple Corps may not be doing so well in the business world. Recorded in India, it's a mix of ragas and rock. No single track like most are poorly played. (Apple)

Living With the Animals (Mercury Earth) Tracy Nelson, the lead vocalist, is the most exciting voice to come along in the pop-rock idiom since it started. She has more blues in her singing style than any former jazz matroness, and she takes off when Jerry Jethro Shakes. Mark Knopfler gives solid and inventive piano accompaniment throughout, and the heavy jazz-blues arrangements integrated into rock instrumental tunes are well interpreted and arranged by Martin Flory. One of the best groups of the year. (Mercury)

Uday Shankar Ravi's older brother, a Hindoo dancer who emigrated Paris in 1928, makes a comeback at age 65, this time with his son Uday, on a soloing *On a Collision* record. Uday passes his troupe of dancers, singers and musicians in a rugged Hindoo entertainment that might be termed an open-air ballet: *The Dance Drama of Prolific and Auspicious*. But since there's no literate, it's untranslatable.

Yvonne Reggiani Audi from the thousands who will buy this London album as an ultimate in showmanship demonstration, discerning listeners will recognize a profound performance unusually surpassing that of Tezenier, Conductor Georg Solti, picked as a disciple by the great maestro, evokes the last talents of the heroic arranger Luciano Pavarotti, the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Philharmonic.

Bass Bosses (Rak McConnell): An all-Canadian group that gained big-time fans during a tour booking in a Toronto night spot recently offers pre-

monk proof why. Elbow-buzzard brassman (four trumpets, four tubas, three French horn), backed by a compelling, five-piece rhythm section, work precisely through McConnell's arrangements of a dozen worthy tunes. (RCA Victor)

Guitar Sounds From Long Beach Winnipeg's great gift to the musical world is naturally fiery, massive, swinging and tender as he applies masterful paté and chemical techniques with pop, country and standard tunes as *Hard Day's Night*, *King of the Road* and *Georgia on My Mind*. The only fitting response to that, his first LP, is "Excellent." (RCA Victor)

MOVIES

The Night They Raided Minsky's This is a masterpiece as it was or should have been. Jason Robards, Burt Lancaster (below) and comic Norman Wisdom have some good turns in an



old-fashioned vaudeville movie that has more gags and wit than almost any of the up-to-date exercises in remedial technocracy.

The Stalking Moon Eva Marie Saint plays a white woman on her honeymoon with her half-breed son from her Indian captain; army agent Gregory Peck becomes her protector. Director Robert Mulligan shows what an American Western can still be satisfying if it's simple and decent.

The Killing of Sister George Beryl Reid plays a bitchy actress whose character in a TV soap opera is about to be killed in a cycle crash. Director Robert Aldrich has transformed an amateur play by Frank Marlowe into an exercise in vulgarism, assistance a lesbian love scene between Carol Browne and Jennifer York that has a new low in movie taste.

Soldado In his first attempt at

success in nearly 20 years, Gene Preminger leaps into the generation gap and slips into a banana peel. The values of the American establishment are represented by a group of respectable, clean-living pragmatists who get turned on by hippies.

BOOKS

Violins, Monkeys and Men by Claude Rauzi and W. M. S. Russell (McMillan, \$11.95)—Two British naturalists, after studying the habits of monkeys in zoos and in the wild, conclude that violence is unnatural—man included—in a response to overwhelming, man's way of theorizing out the problem. The key to the primate universal birth control: The alternative, however, is for year 2050.

Hawk On the Wild Web: Hemingway by Lloyd R. Arnold (Cape Clark, \$12.75): Beneath all the technical hunting talk and gore lies there's a warm portrait here of Ernest Hemingway over the years in Idaho, written by old-friend Lloyd Arnold, publicity photographer at San Valley Lodge. Arnold writes like a photographer, but his pictures are good.

Thirteen Days by Robert F. Kennedy (McLeod, \$6.25). Robert Kennedy's inside story of what went on in the White House during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 is both fascinating and frightening. If President John Kennedy had taken the advice of the hawkish majority in his cabinet and the military, from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the United States might well have become involved in a nuclear war with the Soviet Union.

The Movie by Georges Simenon (Longman, \$5.25). In this sardonic tale of human folly, a priory travel agent is Paris moved with his family to a new high-rise development in the suburbs and becomes obsessed with the unconventional sexual behavior of his neighbors beyond the thin wall. The consequences are too melodramatic, but Simenon's virtuousity outweighs that defect.

The Destruction of Conroy PQ-47 by David Irving (Longman, \$8.50): Having become World War II's most diligent mouthpiece before, his fifth war book blames the First Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound, for the Allies' most disastrous convoy; 24 of 35 merchant ships bound for Archangel were sunk after their strong naval escort abandoned them.

"One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted"

the best
tobacco
money can buy

